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A VISIT TO WATKINS GLEN AND SENECA LAKE.

A SHORT time since, a party of excursionists left Baltimore on a trip to Seneca Lake, New York, and the remarkable series of glens and water-falls in its vicinity. The chief object of the excursion was to explore a singular glen but recently opened to travellers,

tain-slope, a walk of a quarter of a mile brings one to a bridge which spans a shallow stream. This stream has cut its way through the lower slope of the mountain-range, and formed for itself a short pass, or *cul-de-sac*, which terminates abruptly, at a distance of a few hun-



MOUNTAIN HOUSE, WATKINS GLEN.

and now known as Watkins Glen, from its close proximity to the town of that name.

The town of Watkins nestles in a narrow valley, amid a profusion of shrubbery, at the head of Seneca Lake, and within the shadow of Buck Mountain. Passing up the main street, parallel with the moun-

dred yards, in a lofty wall, that stretches across the pass and bars all further progress.

The wall is not, however, continuous on the same line, but falls back in the centre, and forms a cavernous recess, from one angle of which the stream issues. Behind this solemn gate-way of natu-



ENTRANCE TO THE GLEN.

ral masonry, broken and abraded in places by time and the action of the elements, lie the gloomy ravines, and the infinite variety of water-falls, and foaming rapids, and deep and silent pools, which some of the excursionists had come to explore, and the artists of the party were eager to sketch. It was here, in front of this wall, built up in successive layers of the dark-gray shale of the Chemung group, that *Porte Crayon*, "bearded like the pard," but genial as a May morning, first settled himself down to the work before him; and it was here that our artist caught, to the life, and rapidly transferred to paper, his "counterfeit presentments."

The mode of ingress for visitors to Watkins Glen is by rude stairways, running diagonally along the face of the wall, braced strongly to it, and propped, also, firmly from beneath. Landing-places are provided at intervals, from which other stairways spring; and thus the ascent is made until the angle of the northern portal is turned and a footway gained, when the first difficulty—the entrance to the gorge—is surmounted.

We are now in Glen Alpha, as it has been somewhat fantastically styled. Inside the great rock barrier which we have just succeeded in passing, a narrow but secure bridge crosses the chasm; and from this bridge a fine view is had of the first cascade, as it pours swirling through a rift in the rocks, and falls, roaring and foaming, into a deep basin, scooped out of the solid rock-bed by the constant fret and chafe and turmoil of the waters. Quitting the bridge, and clambering up a series of steps, we gain presently a narrow foot-path, cut out of the face of the cliff, and follow its fantastic windings until all further progress is barred by a transverse wall, over which the waters of the long cascade fall from a great height into the dark pool below. At this point the rugged and lofty walls of the gorge draw closer together. Where the foot-path ends, a long staircase, wet with the mist and

spray of the cascade, is flung, at an angle of ninety degrees, across the tremendous chasm, and at its upper end connects with another foot-path, some fifty feet above the one which has just been abandoned. After traversing this new path a little space, we come upon a series of cascades, dropping from one low ledge to another, with deep pools and broad shallows intervening.

Pursuing our onward and upward course, the aspect of the place grows weird and ghastly. The world, and the things of the world, are utterly shut out, and we seem to be struggling among the ruins of some older creation. The rocks take on more grotesque forms. The air is cold and moist. The path—a mere ledge in the face of the cliff—overhangs a deep chasm, at the bottom of which the waters chafe and struggle and brawl. Overhead, the gray walls rise, tier upon tier, inclining gradually toward each other, until finally, far upward, only a narrow slip of sky can be seen, with the light struggling dimly through a fringe of hemlocks.

Beyond this gloomy pass, with its strange, unearthly aspect, the ledge we are traversing ends abruptly, and the obstacles to a farther advance have to be overcome by a succession of stairways, now crossing to one side, now changing to the other, until, by an ever-ascending grade, another pathway is reached. Here the rock walls recede, and sufficient soil has accumulated over them to admit of the growth of shrubs and large evergreen-trees. The path, too, is easier. Following it for a short distance, we come to a stairway placed against the bank, and, on ascending it, reach a shelf of the mountain on the north side of the ravine. On this shelf is perched the Mountain House, built somewhat after the style of a Swiss *chalet*, but comfortably furnished, and well supplied with essentials and non-essentials, and affording an excellent resting-place for those who have become fatigued with their rough but exciting journey, thus far, through the marvellous gorge.

Leaving the Mountain House, the path dips steadily downward, almost to the bed of the stream; and, after passing another series of small cascades and rapids, we cross a bridge to the opposite side of the gorge, where the cliffs, rent and torn into every conceivable shape, first contract, and then expand into an enormous amphitheatre, to which has been given the name of Glen Cathedral. The area is vast. The immense walls, nearly circular in form, rise to a great height, and, where they terminate skyward, are crowned with the green, pendulous foliage of the hemlock. The floor of this amphitheatre is almost as level as if it had been paved by human hands; and over the great slabs of rock, laid regularly and close-jointed, the stream spreads out, but an inch or two in depth, flowing easily and quietly, with scarcely a ripple to break the smoothness of its surface.

Passing through a break in the great circular wall, by a path still broad, but more broken and water-worn, the tall cliffs recede upward from their base; and on the slopes thus formed, and shelving outward, some hemlocks and deciduous trees find sustenance. Suddenly, the



PORTE CRAYON.



GLEN ALPHA.

tall cliffs, as if spurning these picturesque accessories, close in again, and in the cavernous gloom of the remote distance another cascade is seen flowing whitely over its rocky ledge, and pouring its waters into the gorge.

On nearing this fine cascade, another stairway, thrown across the gorge to a higher shelf projecting from the face of the cliff, gives access to a remarkable scene. Before us is what is called the Glen of Pools, from the variety and extent of its water-worn basins. Standing on the bridge, and looking up the gorge, the eye falls upon a series of cascades and rapids, low and broad, but very beautiful. The enclosing walls are again sufficiently broken to allow of the growth of trees in some places, and to let the light in freely. Beyond these, again, cascades of greater breadth drop from one rocky ledge to another, foaming and seething; while over the southern wall, and the pathway that clings to it, a thin stream, falling from a great height, spreads itself out like a veil of silver mist, and mingles its waters with those in the rock-bound channel far below.

But the work of exploration is not yet over. In our progress up the gorge, more stairways are ascended, and more platforms reached. To these succeed mere ribbons of winding pathways, protected, in dangerous places, by strong hand-rails, but along which one moves with cautious steps, clinging closely to the rocks, and fearing, by any misstep, to be plunged into the deep, tortuous gulf, whose rugged, precipitous sides we are treading.

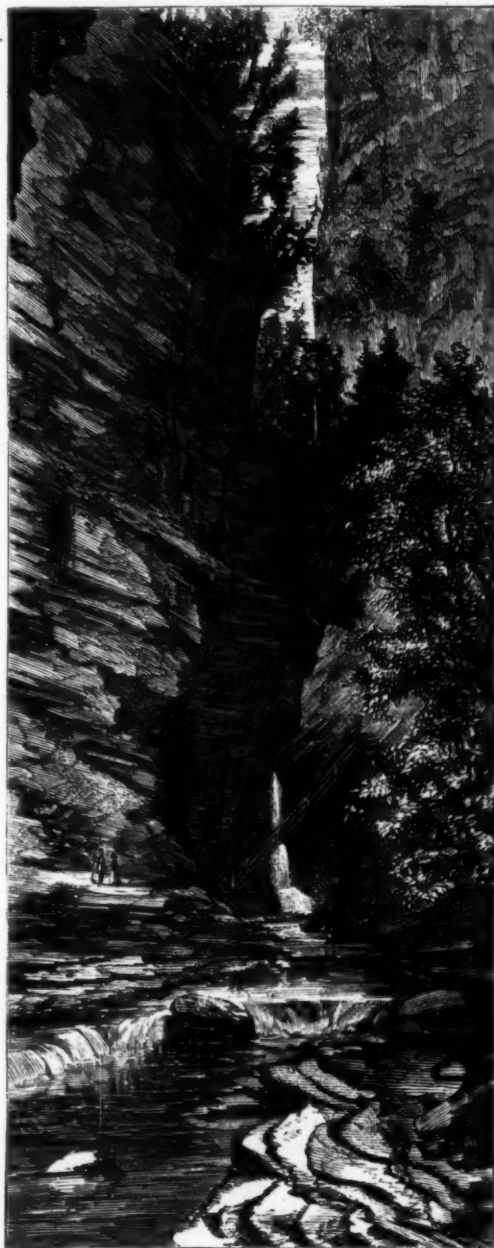
Another turn of the path brings dimly into view a slender cascade, of considerable height, whose waters, in their subsequent passage, break into a series of rapids, and flow over dark pools into low, rippling currents. Again we cross a bridge and take to a pathway cut out of the opposite cliff. A broad wall traversing the gorge shuts it in, to all appearances, completely. But another sharp turn in the pathway reveals an outlet through a narrow pass, and, by a second turn in a reverse direction, the bed of the stream is reached at a point where the waters, shallowing out, can be easily crossed. After following a fresh path for some distance, steps, cut out of a projecting angle of the wall, lead to a higher level, where the rocks curve inward, and the passage is made by stooping, and the exercise of great caution. In this way the end of Glen Difficulty is reached—a dark, solemn abyss shrouded in gloom, and whose walls are clammy and cold with the continual drip and ooze of water.

By the pathway skirting the long, slender cascade, to which we have already alluded, we enter the most picturesque portion of the gorge. It is more open, more airy, is full of light and shade from occasional bursts of sunshine breaking through, and has the additional advantage of compact masses of foliage. At the head of this gorge is a singularly fine cascade, falling, in one unbroken column, from a height of some twenty feet into the deep pool which it has scooped out for itself by constant attrition. Flowing over the pool, the water forms a new succession of cascades and rapids, dips into little, irregu-

lar basins as it passes onward and downward into Glen Difficulty, and thence again onward and downward over rocky ledges, through deep, water-worn channels, by tortuous ways, walled in by great cliffs towering upward, now contracting until the sky is almost shut out, now expanding into broad areas, until the gate-way of the valley is reached, two miles distant from the remotest point described, and eight hundred feet below it.

Three miles south of Watkins is Havana Glen. It is very picturesque, more airy, and is quite easy of access, but is wanting in those elements of gloom, and vastness, and solemn grandeur, which are the peculiar characteristics of Watkins Glen. Nevertheless, there is a class of tourists who will admire Havana Glen even more than its great and singularly-strange rival.

The cascade, of which an illustration is furnished, is but one of



GLEN CATHEDRAL.

many which the tourist will meet with, in rapid succession, as he ascends Havana Glen. The same system of stairways and ladders prevails as at Watkins; but these aids to progress are fewer in the former, and the paths broader. The glen, moreover, is short, as compared with Watkins, while the height, from the level of the valley to the table-land above, is much less. The rock formation is the same, but the stratification of the rocks is even more perfect than at Watkins. There is, also, one feature of Havana Glen which, of itself, is worth a journey to see. It is an oblong rock chamber of great height and extent, whose walls are as perfect as if laid by the hand of a mason, and whose angles are as squarely formed and as sharply defined as line and plummet could possibly make them. It is a wonder of natural architecture. There are, also, one or two small caves, which have been scooped out by the action of the water, and a rude, arched passage giving access to the upper cascades, which has been formed by the same agency. In the early summer months the volume of water in Havana Glen is greater than that at Watkins; but it is said to shrink almost to a thread during the heats of July and August, while that of Watkins, being fed from bold springs far up the mountain, is much more permanent, though subject to the influence of the seasons.

It is well worth stopping a couple of days at Watkins; not only for the purpose of exploring the glens we have described, but also to visit the fine water-falls that break in broad sheets of silver over the sides of the hills, and, uniting their tributary streams in the valley, flow thence into the lake. A pleasant excursion may likewise be made on the lake itself, which presents along its shores many points of beauty and attraction. Many curious traditions of the Indian tribes linger around its borders; for, in the lovely valley of Seneca Lake, the famous Red Jacket once hunted and fought, and Catharine Montour reigned and ruled. There have been great changes in the landscape since then. Its savage wildness has dis-



FALLS AT THE POOLS.



HAVANA GLEN.

appeared, and, from the deck of the stout little steamer that plies between Watkins and Geneva, on the rounded hill-sides are seen the homes of thrifty farmers. From the water-line to the summit of the hills, the plough and harrow have been driven, and every inch of available soil has been made to yield its increase—vineyards alternate with orchards and cultivated fields. Neat-looking villages dot, at irregular intervals, the busy slopes, with access to them from landing-places jutting out into the lake. The people, too, are "racy of the soil;" independent, enterprising, and generally well informed.

Fed, it is thought, by internal springs, the lake has never been known, even in the coldest weather, to be frozen over. The steamers, consequently, are able

to run the whole winter long without interruption from ice. The water has a peculiar greenish tinge, which is most distinguishable in the broken waves that are formed by the passage of the steamer. The depth of the lake is unknown. No soundings, yet made, have touched the bottom in certain places, although the line has gone down seven hundred feet. The bodies even of the drowned, when they once sink, never afterward rise to the surface.

At Ovid Landing, on an eminence near to, and overlooking the lake, is the Willard Asylum for the pauper insane. Its patients are gathered principally from the neglected inmates of the almshouses of the State. The building is of brick, and is large and imposing, though not yet fully completed. It is well worthy a visit, for the purpose of studying the thorough method of its internal arrangement, and the admirable manner in which it is fitted with all the modern appliances for promoting the comfort of its unfortunate inhabitants. At Ovid, the steamer crosses the lake, which is here five miles wide, though such is the clearness of the atmosphere and the boldness of the hills, that the distance appears much less.

The situation of Geneva, at the foot of the lake, is bold and striking—the finest buildings occupying a hill which fronts the lake and dominates the town. Here, the return steamer to Watkins can be taken,

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or the cars of the New-York Central, either for Niagara, the watering-places of the interior of the State, or for New-York City.

Before leaving Watkins, there is one other point of interest to which the attention of tourists may be called. We allude to the extensive view that may be had from the cemetery, which occupies a shelf of the mountain directly back of the town. Standing near the observatory, the town, partly hidden in masses of foliage, lies directly at the feet of the spectator. To the right, trending southward, is the narrow valley through which the railway runs; while to the left, stretching out uninterruptedly for twenty miles, is Seneca Lake, closed in by a dim range of low-lying hills in the far distance.

CHABUSSAL'S CONFECTION.

MANY years ago, there lived in Lyons, France, a wealthy silk-weaver, who one bright day met with a great misfortune, which was no less than the loss of two valuable servants. They suddenly disappeared together, and all inquiries and search for them proved utterly fruitless; and, indeed, so well had their tracks been covered that it was impossible to trace them beyond a neighboring corner not fifty yards from the house. They abstracted many articles of value and convenience, such as linen, various utensils, bottles of liquor, etc., and among the rest a boy of ten years of age, the neglected and disliked youngest son of the family. He was puny, pale, and spiritless, and fell out with his relations the moment he appeared among them, by giving his callow heart in all its entirety to his soft-handed, kind-faced nurse, who for her part reciprocated as well as a woman could who had received hundreds of such affections in her long experience, but only to see them fade and die when the givers of them were able to stand alone. There was a great hue-and-cry raised all over the empire, and all sorts of proceedings put into operation for the capture of the departed trio; but weeks, then months, and finally years elapsed, and the occurrence faded into something dim with a few, and with the majority was lost altogether.

The silk-weaver, therefore, who was enormously wealthy, continued to give his famous Sunday dinners to his select party of fellow-epicures, who declared that they rather liked the change in the cooks upon the whole, though they frequently confessed, to his great discomfort, that the flavor of some little dish only suggested the saddening memory of what it might have been. Barring this drawback, matters continued much as before; the vacancy made by the absence of the son, however, was not filled, as his mother died in giving him birth.

Some four years after the disappearance, a baker and pastry-cook named Chabussal, who resided and kept his shop in a sunny street in London, which we will call Jermyn Street, suddenly sprang into notoriety and fame. By saying suddenly, it is not intended to convey a Frenchman's idea of the time in which it is possible to achieve a city-wide reputation, namely, twenty-four hours or a week, but the more stable and merited celebrity which may be obtained among Englishmen or us Americans in eight months or a year. That Chabussal had attained his deservingly and securely, there could be no manner of doubt; for his custom, beginning and continuing for a long time in the purchases of two or three scores of people, suddenly blazed into those of a score of hundreds, and from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon his little shop was thronged. The great body of the crowd came on foot, but there was a multitude also who came in liveried carriages, which were required by the police to take their consecutive turns, thus making a line which often extended for blocks. The people on the sidewalks, too, were obliged to make a cordon which generally was good-natured, if customers in advance made their purchases quickly; and the advent of every one bearing in his hand the well-known pure, white-papered parcel, with its neat pink ribbon, was a signal for a smothered cheer or a clapping of hands. Sometimes there were wrangles and quarrels, but the people were mostly too busy with their calculations of their chances, and of the probable holding out of the desired article, to have much to say.

This article was a pastry for dessert, and which Chabussal had revived from an old idea, and considerably embellished and placed before the public. The flaky crust had in its different parts no less than three distinct and delicate flavors, while the creamy interior, with its browned *meringue*, was probably the most divine offering man's palate ever appreciated. The composition of this was Chabussal's special work, and was carried on in a little cabinet with locked door

which led off from his kitchen. He was obliged at first to double the number of his journeymen in order to prepare the required amount of pastry, and finally such was the increase of his business, and the imperative and constantly-increasing demands of the public, that he was obliged again to double his force.

With a Frenchman's true tact and foresight, he flatly declined to remove to a larger and more elegant place, though often pressed to do so by those busybodies who love to coddle an humble man's success, particularly if it costs them nothing. He was acutely aware that the value of his dessert was much enhanced by the humbleness of the counter over which it was sold, and that his trade would suffer no diminution were his customers forced to tell their friends that such delights were only to be had in an inferior street and at the expense of some trouble.

He therefore remained steadfastly in his fifteen-by-thirty shop, with no assistant but that of his cheery, nimble wife, watching the increasing crowds with a swelling heart and watering eye, and meanwhile growing rapidly rich.

On the evening on which he at first becomes of interest to us he is standing in his accustomed place behind his counter, with his hands in his waistband, for it is long past the hour when his *last spécialité* was surrendered to devouring hands, and he has nothing now to do but to supply an occasional dropper-in with his tea-biscuit or handful of cakes.

Chabussal was a large man, dressed completely in white, with his head surmounted with a huge cook-cap, the top of which he affectedly wore inclined to the right, which gave him something the appearance of a thrice-bleached Highlander. He had a smooth, full, round face, with small, brown eyes, and red lips. His dress and skin had a floury appearance, as well as his eyelashes and hands, but, as this was in consonance with his business, no one objected. His wife stood by him, putting various packages into a large basket, which being arranged to her satisfaction she pushed over to a thin, sickly-looking, hollow-eyed boy, who seized it bravely, as if in a hurry to be gone.

"Well, young spider-legs!" cried Chabussal, gruffly, "what have you got?"

"Every thing, sir," replied the boy, hesitatingly, moving slowly away.

"Have you got Perrin's rolls, Jarbold's cream-cakes, and Purdy's macaronies, eh?"

The lad received a surreptitious nod from Chabussal's wife, and he replied instantly that he had, and followed it up by asking timidly if he might be gone ten minutes over his time. He had never asked such a question before, and was led to do so now by a fancied humor and good-nature in his master's rare indulgence in calling him by any other name than idiot.

As soon as Chabussal could recover from his surprise and indignation, he leaned over the counter and shook his fist at him.

"No, sir! If you are not here on your time, I'll cut your head off!"

"All right, sir," rejoined the boy, meekly, but with a touch of deep disappointment.

"Do you mean that it will be all right for me to cut your head off, or that you will be back?"

"I shall certainly be back."

Chabussal then nodded significantly, and the boy shut the door behind him and went away. There being nothing particular to do, Chabussal fell to musing, which employment also engaged his wife, and they both gazed at the door through which the lad had passed, it being the last thing which attracted their attention.

Chabussal originally might have been a very delicate and refined child in his feelings and spirit, but, as he quitted that stage of his growth and became a boy, he also quitted his innocence; while the innocence and the proportional fineness of his character at that age were duly exchanged for coarser grades as his bulk and stature increased; and, therefore, when he finally lost the poetry of his form, and became the giant that he was at present, he also exchanged all the poetry of his soul for a manner common among swine and brutes.

"Annette," growled he, presently, "what a mess we made of bringing that young rubbish from France!"

"Perhaps if we had given him the fine clothes, and horses, and chambers we promised, he would not look so longingly back at those which he left," replied she, sturdily.

"But the speculation looked fair, did it not? True, he was no great favorite, but public opinion ought to have made them offer a decent reward; but just think of it—only five thousand francs for their own flesh and blood! the inhuman brutes!"

His wife gave him a sidelong glance, while a smile crossed her face; but he was perfectly honest.

"He is a weak one," observed Chabussal, reflectively.

"Yes; but he is growing, and will soon be strong. And, mind you, I love him, if you do not; only he ought to have been a girl, and not be obliged to become a great monster like yourself."

"You are complimentary," returned the other, with a grunt like a pig. He then looked vacantly before him for some moments, as if thinking. "Annette, you noticed that he asked me a favor to-night?"

She nodded.

"That has given me a hint that the boy is growing, as you say. Now, what do you think of sending him back to France, if they will pay us for the trouble of finding him? For, you see, if we do not, he will be starting off on his own account, one of these fine days, and so prevent us from turning an honest penny."

The idea was a new one to both, and they looked at one another, a little startled. Before either could again speak, a man entered the shop, and, approaching the counter, made a purchase of some jelly. He was as stout and heavy as Chabussal himself, but appeared to be a gentleman. He was florid and wore glasses, and had an extremely gentle voice, which induced madame to look at him twice, whereupon she went and hastily concealed herself behind the screen of her desk, trembling like a leaf. He turned to depart, but returned to Chabussal, with a smile.

"Excuse me," said he, "but I should like to ask you three questions, which I invariably ask all Frenchmen. Did you ever hear of a person whose true name was Jean Vernet" (Chabussal nearly sank upon the floor), "a woman named Annette Noir, or a young boy named Ernest Nardin?"

Chabussal stealthily glanced toward the desk, shaking his head thoughtfully. No, he never had.

"Pardon me for asking," said the stranger; "but I have an excellent reason. I am at this moment engaged in searching for the boy, who was abducted or seduced from home by the other two, and who has become extremely rich by the death of his father by over-eating, or, more politely, by apoplexy, and the decease of the remaining children by indigestion, induced by the habit of trying impossible dishes invented by the parent. I am about despairing, for the wretches have hidden him. It would be a fortune for his restorer."

Chabussal moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and, when he could trust himself to speak, asked, with the least possible interest in the world, how much that might be.

"Almost any thing," replied the other, opening the door; "any thing the lucky fellow would mind asking. Adieu! I will come to-morrow."

"Annette! Annette!" roared Chabussal, "who the devil was that?"

Pale as a ghost she came from behind her hiding-place, wringing her hands.

"Oh, that is our master's bosom-friend, M. Viol, and he is coming again to-morrow."

They looked at one another in astonishment. Avarice burst into Chabussal's face in the shape of a smile, and he clapped his hands with a sounding blow upon his hips, which resulted in enveloping him in a cloud of flour. Before he could speak, the boy returned from his errand, entering a little more hurriedly than usual, which fact was by no means lost upon the other two, and he was ordered to close the shop instantly, while they retired to the back parlor—a couple of conspirators.

The boy sprang to his work with the air of one who had something to communicate or ask, on its completion. His shutters flew into their places with an unexampled rapidity, his wrapping-papers were quickly arranged against the morrow, his door locked, his gas extinguished, all in half his usual time, and he presented himself to his two friends.

"Madame," he asked, "who was that gentleman who just left here?"

His question was answered by Chabussal, who turned upon him savagely, and gave him a blow upon the head which sent him flying half-senseless into a corner among some dust-pans and brushes.

"Why did you do that?" demanded madame, fiercely, of Chabussal. "Can't you see how small he is? how thin his legs and arms are? that his head is no bigger than your two fists? I wish the rats had you!"

Chabussal, standing over the prostrate boy, did see it apparently for the first time in his life; and, stooping, he raised him to his arms by the collar, and went and sat down by the fire.

One of the subtlest powers which Nature bestows upon us is that of touch and contact. Chabussal never felt its influences until the moment he placed the lad's head upon his shoulder, and put his huge arm about him. It reduced him to silence, and, in gazing over the boy's head at the fire, his lips slowly sank upon his smooth hair, and there they rested, while he thought if it would pay better to be kind to him or to be harsh; much wishing it could be the former, now that he found it so pleasant. He so decided, and he looked downward at the quivering eyelids, and he saw tears trembling upon them.

"Ernest," said he, in a whisper, "what are you thinking about?"

"Of dear France," murmured the boy, with a low sob, the tears breaking themselves on Chabussal's hand. Madame came and stood by.

"And, supposing I thought of sending you back to France, what would you do for me?"

"Oh, monsieur," cried the boy, raising himself and looking Chabussal in the face, "I could worship you! You are not plaguing me, are you?"

"Would you tell two lies to get back to France and be rich?"

"Two lies!" repeated the boy, in astonishment; "will they hurt any one?"

"No," said Chabussal, "not in the least—merely for form's sake."

"Well," rejoined the boy, after a long pause, "for form's sake, I think I would. What are they, monsieur?"

"I will tell you to-morrow, Ernest," replied he, smoothing the boy's hair with his enormous palm, "and to-morrow you must not stir out of this room. I was wrong to strike you; I thought you were impertinent. That wretch that you saw go out of the shop, a moment ago, is the tax-collector."

"Ah," replied the lad, quietly, his head filled with the visions of home; "I thought he looked like M. Viol."

Wary Chabussal! Wary madame! Could the tax-collector have looked in upon you and overheard your council, where an ingenious net-work of falsehoods was agreed upon, by which the boy was to be turned over to him for a frightful sum, I much doubt if he would have thought you far removed from a pair of knaves. A mythical friend, an acquaintance, was to appear upon the scene in name; Chabussal was to recall to his memory that this personage knew of the whereabouts of just such a triumvirate as M. Viol described. He was to agree to put himself in communication with this party, and, after many terrible risks and frightful troubles, was to produce the boy upon the payment of the stipulated sum. Early on the morrow, long before the customary throng began, M. Viol presented himself. Madame precipitately retired behind the screen, and her worthy husband, fat, good-natured, and in immaculate white, lied for twenty good minutes according to the plan. M. Viol became much excited, and leaned upon the counter with a pair of eyes fixed upon Chabussal, in a manner which made it extremely difficult for him to retain his presence of mind. Again, in the afternoon, M. Viol came; this time, of course, after the throng had disappeared. He naturally grew more familiar with Chabussal, and began to ask questions which were very annoying and displeasing, so much so, indeed, that Chabussal flatly declined to answer some of them. It would never do for either to quarrel, and so they begged each other's pardon, and became civil again.

M. Viol's refrain was, "The boy! the boy, at any price!" Chabussal's was, "The difficulty, the distance, my friend!"

Madame and he had agreed that the already tremendous price might possibly be increased by dallying, and therefore they resolved to avoid closing the contract until they had reached the very end of the rope; as it was, however, they shook hands and embraced in their chamber and concocted more falsehoods. The more eager M. Viol became, the more obstacles they pretended to find in the way of producing the lad. If M. Viol became vexed, Chabussal became sad at his want of confidence, and assured him, with his hand upon his heart, that he was moving heaven and earth.

On the next day, an incident occurred which nearly sent Chabussal into convulsions. M. Viol was present in the shop in the evening, and was looked upon with about as much complaisance as would be bestowed upon a royal tiger. He said he was very tired, and wished to know if Chabussal would loan him his boy for a moment to fetch a pair of shoes from a neighboring shop.

"I regret to say I have no boy, monsieur," responded Chabussal, promptly and politely.

"Why," spoke up an old woman, who was purchasing some rolls, "have you discharged that pretty little Ernest?"

"Hist!" whispered Chabussal, savagely.

"Hallo!" said M. Viol, coming near; "have you a boy named Ernest?"

"I once had an ugly lot of that name, but I dismissed him for drunkenness.—Here, wretch, is your bread. Get along!"

Chabussal reported this to madame with chattering teeth, and she advised him to tell M. Viol that he would find the boy on the next day, and be content with the sum he was willing to give for the service. For, she urged, an accident might reveal Ernest at any moment, and it were better to be sure of a generous amount than try for a larger one, and run the risk of losing the whole by delay. After much discussion, Chabussal, with a sigh, assented, saying that he had but one wish—and that was to get the old woman in his kitchen for ten minutes, and he would teach her to hold her tongue by giving it to her in her hand.

The next day was one of great events, and M. Viol again presented himself at the usual hour in the morning, as civil and pleasant as ever. Nearly the first thing he did, after talking incessantly about Ernest for fifteen minutes, was to produce another tumult in Chabussal's breast, and make nearly another rupture. Chabussal determined to wait until the afternoon, before offering to produce the boy, as it was barely possible that M. Viol, in his despair, might be tempted to go deeper into his purse. But M. Viol, apparently, had no such intention; and, after chatting and sighing for a while, he asked for a glass of water, and immediately jumped to his feet, saying that he would not think of troubling Chabussal, but would get it himself, and proceeded toward the rear apartment, to Chabussal's consternation. As soon as he could master his tongue, he begged him to stop; but M. Viol kept on.

"I order you not to touch that door!" thundered Chabussal, making toward him. "My wife is there; she is in dishabille."

M. Viol instantly apologized, and sat down with an unconcerned air, which contrasted strongly with Chabussal's heat and rage.

A word here about M. Viol's imperturbability. He had been some sort of a diplomat, in a large way, in his own country, and was well used, therefore, to concealment, whenever it was expedient to use the valuable power. It was afterward found that, by all reason and probability, such an occasion presented itself at the exact moment when he was prevented from rushing into Chabussal's back-chamber, and that, despite his calm countenance, M. Viol was on fire internally.

This was the result of a habit he had of wearing his eyes open, according to his education, and of reversing the usual order of things by considering every human being a plotting scoundrel until he proved to be otherwise inclined.

The particular impulse which put his soul and suspicions in arms in this little entanglement was the accidental sight of a stray napkin, which lay upon the counter during one of his visits, and of which there is more said further on.

This affair of the glass of water threw both the baker and his wife into a fever of anxiety, and they wished heartily that the ifcibus was off their shoulders. It so happened that the day was stormy, and, although the crowd which came to buy Chabussal's dessert was immense, and seemed larger than usual, such was really not the fact, and for the first time in his life he had a few of his dishes left over. He foresaw that such would be the fact, and he stopped selling at a very early hour, with the customary reason that he had sold out that day's quantity.

This the assembled people, to the extent of something like fifty, positively refused to believe—for Chabussal's little trick was rather shallow, after all—and the fifty tired men, drenched with rain-water, pounded at his door and shutters with a vigor which was unprecedented. They hung about, hoping, as crowds always hope, that pretty soon something would appear to satisfy them; and, sustained by

their own shouting and clamor, they raised such a tumult that Chabussal and madame looked at one another several times in alarm.

But they had many other things to think of, and, as soon as M. Viol presented himself, nearly torn to pieces, Chabussal admitted him, and paid but little further attention to what was going on outside; and therefore the noise grew fiercer, if any thing.

As for M. Viol—how Chabussal and madame watched his temper!—nothing could be more suave and polite, and the two exchanged looks of great gratification; and Chabussal made up his mind to make him a present of one of the remaining *Eugénies*, which, I forgot to mention, was the name Chabussal rather ostentatiously gave his piece of cookery. After the lunch was to come the subject of the boy, and the definite naming of the reward. Matters were in good trim, and madame gave Chabussal many encouraging smiles from behind her screen, while M. Viol sat with crossed legs, looking curiously toward the closed door in the rear.

"Monsieur," said Chabussal, when all was ready, "if you will pardon my egotism, may I ask if you ever heard of my cooking?"

He produced his dessert upon a napkin, and laid beside it a silver spoon of peculiar shape. In his character of epicure, he had invented an instrument resembling a toy fire-shovel, with which he recommended his wealthy customers to eat his pastry, as he imagined it was desirable to escape the vulgarity of a common implement, such as he conceived a spoon to be.

M. Viol arose with a glistening eye, and placed his umbrella in the corner; for the dish looked particularly rich and delicious.

"I perceive you are a gentleman of delicate taste, and so I venture to ask your opinion of this little trifle, which is entirely and wholly of my own conception."

Here the huge, white, floury, smiling Chabussal opened his hands, and bowed; while M. Viol toyed a moment with the—well—the spoon.

He placed his hat upon the counter, and his left hand behind him, while with a neat egg-shell tap he shattered the upper crust. With a solemn face, he slowly raised a trifle to his mouth, and, closing his lips upon it, looked thoughtfully out at the door. For a moment he was silent, and then his head turned about, with a singular, smiling expression in his face.

Without a word to Chabussal, who looked on curiously, he tasted another bit, and seemingly became more singularly pleased than before. He tasted this last repeatedly and carefully. He bent his head in the manner of one who has forgotten something, and slowly tapped his teeth with the spoon.

"Bring me a glass of water."

Chabussal obeyed, wondering at the tone, and set it before him; and he rinsed his mouth.

"Where have I tasted this before?" whispered he, with a sharp glance upward.

Chabussal turned to a deathly white, and glared toward the screen. M. Viol placed another spoonful on his tongue, and then another, in quick succession. Thus far he had failed, and he drank more water. He then took more of the pastry, allowing it to rest upon his tongue while he held his mouth slightly open. Suddenly, his small eyes shot around at Chabussal, while his face became purple, and he stamped upon the floor. He wheeled about before the frightened baker, and violently cut the dish in two; and, throwing half upon the counter, seized a spoonful from the very centre, and thrust that into his mouth. A few seconds elapsed, during which Chabussal's knees sank under him, as he beheld the furious gestures and the workings of M. Viol's face. Presently he dashed his spoon upon the floor.

"I have eaten that self-same dessert at the table of M. Nardin in Lyons!" shouted he, in a thundering voice. "No cook but his ever made it; and you are that cook—the thief—the abductor of Ernest. Your name is Jean Vernet!"

M. Viol's eyes started from his head, and he shook his fists across the counter, with a purple face.

"Where is the woman Annette Noir? The boy—where is the boy?"

Quick as thought, he turned and sprang to the outer door, and withdrew the bolts, and threw it wide open to the fuming, pressing people without; and then, turning upon his heel, he rushed at the rear door, and kicked it in with his foot, and disappeared.

Chabussal was instantly hemmed in by the irrupting crowd which

flung itself headlong into his shop, and filled it to overflowing. They attacked him with all sorts of abuse and cries of anger, which rapidly augmented in force, until a moment more of time would have had them turning his place inside out. He stared at them, with chattering teeth and a very white face, listening to some faint cries and confusion, which he could hear through the partition in spite of the hubbub about him. All eyes were upon him, and all the rough voices were directed at him; and I regret to say that some few fists were shaken at him.

The fatal door to the chamber suddenly opened, and M. Viol plunged headlong at the astonished mass, until he got a foothold where all could see him. He had dropped his diplomatic coldness, and allowed his natural anger to fly wherever it would; and therefore it lit upon Chabussal, as a matter of course. He jumped upon a stout shelf, and fiercely addressed the people. He recounted the true history of Chabussal—his position, his abuse of trust, his theft, his abduction of a child, his mercenary motives, and his continual deception for the purposes of further extortion. He approached a towering climax by the most vivid pictures; and, as he ended, he caught the cowering, frightened boy in his powerful arms, and held him up to their view.

"Behold him, weak, puny, uneducated, and starved! And now cast your eyes on that yonder pile of brutal muscle!" Here he shook his hand toward the breathless, terrified Chabussal. "Look at that fist, that eye, that whole ponderous mountain of cruelty and meanness! Behold your innocent pastry-cook, befouled, modest, ingenious—the inventor of a cake, and the hider, the stealer, the beater of a poor, parentless boy like this!"

A tremendous tumult instantly broke out, and a rush was made for Chabussal, who hugged himself in a corner.

"Wait! wait!" cried M. Viol again; and they became silent for a moment. "Chabussal," continued he, "your skill—your confection—has ruined you. To-day I should have paid you twice your price for Ernest; but Providence and your cookery have at once saved your soul and my francs. Adieu, you devil! and tell your woman that she should have been careful to have cut M. Nardin's crest from his napkins, before she left them lying about so carelessly. Adieu, Chabussal!—Now, good people," said M. Viol, turning to them, "I have done. M. Chabussal can have no further use for his utensils, his furniture, his fixtures, or any thing, except his life and an unbruised skin. If it costs you any thing to start him again in life, with no encumbrances but those two, I will cheerfully pay your expenses to the last penny.—Come, Ernest."

He took the boy in his arms, and hurried away amid the cheers of the crowd. As he disappeared, the cheers turned to groans and cries of execration; Chabussal's shop became a seething volcano of dust in a dozen seconds—a terrible uproar of breaking wood, cracking glass, shivering panes; a voluminous sound of oaths, cries, cheers; of ripping and tearing; of disintegrating thumps, blows, and thrusts; and a general uproar of destruction. Ten minutes found Chabussal without an apron, a cap, a skillet, or a saucepan. They hustled him into the street, bare-headed, and covered with grime, where he found madame, who had saved nothing but a ball of twine. Together, they looked at it significantly, but thought better of it; had it been charcoal, it might have been different, and, though it seems wicked to hint it, perhaps much better; for to-day Chabussal is a journeyman-baker of bad repute, and madame a laundress of worse, and, as the days go, their situations and proclivities intensify visibly.

GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I.

ÆSTHETICS OF THE TABLE, ETC.

SOME remarks in a late number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL, touching "Gentlemen of the Old School," very properly rebuking the attempts of Young America to repudiate their spirit and manners, came forcibly to my mind the day I perused them in its columns. I was standing in Hudson Square, opposite the Grand Depot, upon whose western battlement our great railway king and his notable doings on land and sea live in immortal bronze, when the memory of a New-York gentleman of the old school rose up before me; for thereabout he lived, and moved, and had his being, in the days that are no more.

And it was well, I could not help thinking, that he was taken away before the beautiful park, with its gravel walks, its verdurous, over-arching trees, variegated flowers, and sparkling fountain, its gay promenaders, young men and maidens and joyous children, had given place to shrieking engines, rumbling trains, and busy elevators, filling all the air and all the square with din and steam and smoke. All the natural beauties upon which the windows of his hospitable mansion had so long looked out, were undisturbed when he last gazed upon them; and he closed his eyes in a foreign land, without ever having been compelled to witness what he would have regarded as their degradation.

He was an accomplished New-York gentleman of the old school, and was an admirer of the men of the older days, who belonged to a kindred class. Not one of the distinguished friends who were accustomed to sit around his refined and most hospitable board ever failed to render this tribute to his character. Of the *æsthetics of the table* he was a thorough master; and it is of this specialty of his which I desire mainly to speak in this sketch.

He held that a good entertainment has been one of the greatest vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat, and he regarded a good dinner as the centre of the circle of the social sympathies. As a business-man, he first proved himself a New-York merchant of energy, enterprise, and the strictest integrity; and, after having acquired what he termed a "benignant and happy fortune," he added to it a large increase as a financier, being for many years the president of one of our oldest city banks. He was known for a long time—but by his *real* name only to his intimate friends—as an occasional contributor to a certain portion of the public press; but his *nom de plume* of "John Waters," which he always employed, came at last to be heralded as the sign-manual of a writer whose brief stories and essays never failed to be welcomed by thousands of readers in every part of the United States.

These contributions from his pen were almost all written, from first to last, while he was engaged as a merchant or banker, and were the product and diversion of a full mind, a close observance of everyday character and manner, and the nicest appreciative discrimination and judgment in literature and art. His pen-portraits were so faithful and striking that it was impossible for his reader not to feel that the very originals stood in person before him.

The *New-York American*, under the supervision of his old friend Mr. Charles King, late president of Columbia College, was his first infrequent medium of communication with the public. When Washington Irving commenced his "Crayon Papers" in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, a line from him to "John Waters" made that periodical the depository of all the various papers, in prose or verse, which subsequently came from his pen. And nearly all of the prose sketches were based upon anecdotes or incidents with which he had entertained and amused the favored guests at his refined and genial board.

He was a *Christian gentleman*—a devout member, and long an important official, in a double capacity, in one of the most prominent Episcopal churches of the city; and among his frequent guests were the highest prelates and most eminent clergymen of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—not all, at all times, of the same denomination or "sect," yet all agreeing with him that the physical blessings of this life are to be esteemed as evidences of the divine bounty, neither to be slighted nor to be lightly regarded. There was, I have often heard him say, a mysterious connection between the soul and the body, which might be availed of through the senses to advantage—agreeable objects of taste, of sight, and touch; paintings of delicious coloring, for the eye to repose upon, and the like. "I do not think," he said, "that there is any unmanliness or desertion of Christian duty in availing one's self of these appliances."

What he wrote of a venerable relative, a parson, a model of the Christian gentlemen of the old school, might have served as a perfect description of his own personal style. He used to sit at his own table rather as a guest than as a master of the house, making himself agreeable to the whole party, as if enjoying the civility of the entertainment, while his friends were all his hosts. He regarded his well-known and well-appreciated dinners, as Samuel Rogers did his famous breakfasts, as a nutriment for the spiritual as much as for the natural existence; and his enjoyment was a calm and precious gratitude rather than a physical indulgence. There was no apparent approach toward avidity—yet always a tranquil pleasure, an enlightened zest. It was his pleasure to do his own carving, at the head of his

table, unless the dinner was somewhat one of state, with ladies present—the wives, and perhaps fair daughters, of his guests. As a detector, selector, and grand-almoner of the delicacies of his table, he was *facile princeps*. He applied his never-neglected knife to a pair of tender fowls or rarer game with unerring exactness, to the line or point at which the division was most gracefully to be made, "letting the detached part take with it the exact portion of the epidermis which clothed it when upon the bird, and not a jot more," always helping bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and manner which could always, while any thing remained, renew the supply with a part almost as desirable as any that had been given away.

"A WAY," AND "THE WAY," TO TENDER A TAUTOG.

An old Knickerbocker alderman, at the time president of the Saint Nicholas Society, of which I was then a steward, was telling him one day at table about joining in a fisherman's breakfast in a shady nook by the side of some dark rocks in a cove of the south shore of Long Island. The skipper's preparations, he said, were of a very primitive character: a few bright coals of fire, a square bit of smooth board, a small tool-box, a paper of salt, a roll of fresh butter, a few biscuits, and a basket of black-fish. The head-man chose one out of the receptacle, with a skin as black as a wolf's throat, an eye like a seal, and almost as thick down at the lower dorsal fin as he was across the shoulders. "He breathed a breath or two," said the alderman, "and each time such gills! A pomegranate opened in the heart is the true color of the gills of a first-rate black-fish."

The skipper laid him tenderly upon the board with one hand, and with the other took his knife, and in the natural division of the upper jaw touched him with the edge; and, before you could say Jack Robinson, the fish was cut down the back to the flapper of the tail, the board turned over, and he opened, tacked, and toasting, inside outward, upon the coals. As soon as he was done, a small piece of the fresh, yellow butter was spread over him—a cast of black pepper, and a little salt in fine crystals (undissolved, and hence not merely salt-water), and the fish was ready.

"Well, alderman," asked Mr. Waters, "did you eat the fish?"

"Eat him!" exclaimed the alderman. "I scooped two of them out of their jackets, and have been growing fat from that day."

"Well, that is a way to cook a black-fish," replied Mr. Waters; "but it is not *the way*." And the practised lover and promoter of good things proceeds to indicate what *is* the "effest way," of which the following is what Billy Lackaday in the play calls "a curtailed abbreviation, compressing all the particulars:"

The fish, weighing four and a half pounds, is opened in front about three inches, drawn and cleansed by one, and only one, quick immersion in pure water. No tarred string, Mr. Fisherman, please, through the lower jaw, to poison his flavor. Lay him on the nice napkin in the bottom of this basket, and he will go home unbruised, to repose upon the white dresser-table in our light and cheerful kitchen.

"And now, Mary, the small, deep stewpan, with its thin cullender, or strainer, on which the fish is to be lowered to the bottom. Thou hast it; it is gently raised again without injuring its integrity of form; and now, thanks to thy sharp-pointed knife, thy round wrist, and compact fingers, not one scale remains around the head, the fins, the tail; and tail and fins are shortened, not hacked off. A little salt, thrown on the fish, hardens it in two hours' time. It is then scored, that it may not break when it swells, and browned well upon the grid-iron, whence it is carefully taken up and laid upon a bed of nicely-peeled and very fresh mushrooms, daintily spread over the strainer. Good part of an extra bottle of the chateau of 'Twenty-five is now decanted into the stewpan, the freighted strainer descends into the wine, and the fish is entirely immersed in the amethystine element. A white onion or two is sliced into rings, which fall as decorations upon him; a few berries of pepper are now thrown in, with two blades of mace, and an eschalot. The stewpan is then covered; and a careful, slow, epicurean simmer completes the work.

"And thus you will be made fully to realize that we have in the black-fish, or tautog, a precious offering of the ocean to our happy shore."

AN OLD-SCHOOL GENTLEMAN-PARSON.

On one of his semi-yearly visits to Boston, on a light-snowy morning in November, his old-fashioned family-chaise drew up at the door

of a tree-shaded, well-kept village-inn, where he had occasionally stopped before, and had imparted to good Mistress Roach, the landlady, certain accessories of good cookery, by which she had greatly profited. In reply to a query from the old-school gentleman-parson, as to what she could furnish for their refreshment, she said that there was hanging in the larder a hind-quarter of four-year-old weather-mutton, with the cue attached entire, that had been ripening upward of ten days. Before it was hung up on the hook, she added, she had stabbed a sharp steel to the bone, and driven to the bottom of the orifice a clove of Spanish garlic, to give the meat the true game-flavor. Thus the original sheep, "fostered and fortified by feeding upon the short, sweet grass of the rocky hills," with pure water and ripe years, had become fit for the sacrifice.

A pair of spring chickens, of full size, corn-fed, and showing a well-covered back, with a small billet of good pork (which went in as white as snow, and came out of a delicate rose-tint), were to form the first course.

"Well, then, my good madam," quoth the dominie, "let this be our dinner; the chickens and pork to be boiled in the same pot, and to come in first, with what vegetables you have; and then the mutton, hot from the spit. Don't force the mutton by pouring on even a drop of water; let us have nothing but its undiluted flavor in the gravy; that will make fast enough in the dish, after the knife is once used; and let the pork predominate over the brown on the outside. With a good hickory-fire, you can choose your own distance, and time, and the hue you may prefer."

It will strike most of your readers, I think, that there lacked a little something of the true gentleman of the old school, in the manner in which the good parson treated one of two countrymen, who, being in some haste to depart, had asked permission (which was courteously granted) to sit at the same table with him. It was his custom to carry with him on his journeys a small phial of pungent cayenne; and, at the dinner, one of the party asked him for "a pinch or two of his red salt." It was imparted, without a word of caution. The potent pepper was not long in making the poor fellow's acquaintance. His face soon became scarlet; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes brimmed with tears; and he rose in an agony of distress and "roared like the great brindle bull in his own cattle-yard at home." He caught at the parson's suggestion, "Water," and almost drained a stone jug, which stood upon a side-table, just replenished with cold spring-water. As soon as he could speak, he said to his rural neighbor:

"Jedediah, for the land's sake, does my mouth blaze?"

"No, Hiram, it don't; but it smokes, I tell you!"

The fiery victim of the clerical practical joke strode in front of the parson, with "indignation in's aspect," and said:

"Do you know, mister, that I took you for a parson?"

"I am, indeed, an humble member of the cloth," was the reply.

"Oh! you be, be you? And do you think it anyhow consistent with your calling, to travel about the country in this way, carrying hell-fire in your breeches-pocket?"

A very natural query, to which there could be no "gentle" retributive response, either of the old school or the new.

AN OLD-SCHOOL GENTLEMAN'S MANUAL OF THE SNUFFBOX.

Henry Clay himself, who employed his snuffbox with so much grace, and made it such an adjunct of his oratorical action, was represented to me as a counterpart of Mr. G——, an old and well-remembered New-York merchant. "He was a tall man, with a full, Roman cast of countenance, in a grand oval outline, light-brown hair, deep sea-blue eyes, and a mouth of irresistible sweetness, with hands such as women long remember, and men are willing to obey." And this is the way in which he manipulated his receptacle of rare "schneezin:"

"Now, in the left pocket of my friend's waistcoat was, every morning, placed a well-filled, circular snuffbox, the cover of which was not attached to it by any hinge, but, according to a fashion that prevailed before every thing was done in a hurry, was to be first looked at, slightly polished, perhaps, with the coat-sleeve, then gracefully lifted off, to be there held by the inferior fingers of the left hand, while the thumb and forefinger of the right, in a luxurious yet thoughtful leisure, smoothed and sifted over the surface of the fresh and aromatic mixture, powdering up some adhesive lump of particles that had raised an indecorous head above the mean elevation. Then followed the gathering, the heaping, the pinch, the motion that threw back the

superfluous quantity, the replacing of the lid, the taste—quick, graceful, elegant, enjoyed by the heart, and by a nose that snuff could never mar—the sigh of pleasure; the eyes were then raised with a deep and refreshed lustre, 'and the mouth spoke.'

And yet this old-school gentleman was in the habit of having his own way; rarely came with punctuality to dinner, to which he had been invited, *très précis*; yet the host, his guests, and even the cook, forgave him; for all adverse sensations toward him vanished at the moment he said: "Come, let us take a pinch of snuff."

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL UPON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

His excellency Sir George Young was governor of the island of Grenada at a very stirring time. He had served with distinction on the Continent under the immediate notice of the great Frederick; and, having had the honor of knighthood conferred upon him by that veteran monarch, he became thenceforth a devoted promoter and exemplar of Prussian manners, customs, tactics, and absolutism. The dress of his landing, the discipline of his personal carriage, the length of his marching step, were from the first without variation. He was a man grave of visage; and the reason why a smile never passed across it was, that a smile had never been laid down in any Prussian manual of exercise, nor included in any written strategy of war.

The free-hearted, independent planters of this little "Gem Island" who belonged to the council, thinking life too short for the observance of much form or ceremony among a brotherhood of gentlemen, naturally opposed some of his excellency's favorite measures. Dr. B——, a person of fine presence, good address, and prone to examine critically the practical expediency of the governor's plans, came to be considered, as a man not inclined to vote, or to influence votes, in favor of his excellency's projects; so that at last he came to be regarded as the leader of the opposition in the council-chamber, and as a person to be summarily put down. And one morning, in the course of an excited debate, his excellency made a remark so closely personal, that it could not be entirely passed over. So the doctor said:

"I can have no reply to make. Your excellency represents the king."

"I do, sir, while in this chair, but the moment I leave it I am George Young, and very much at your service."

Explanation of offensive words, in the "Pickwickian sense," had not at that time obtained; and the mumbling of a few phrases about having differed upon a "seventh cause," did not prevail. Mr. Waters's father, a member of the council, was hardly seated at home, before his friend Dr. B—— was announced. He came to ask him to serve as his second in a hostile meeting. To his great regret this was impossible. He was the oldest member of the council-board, and, if Sir George should fall in the rencontre, natural animadversion upon his course would be inevitable. But he had great pleasure in proposing as a substitute a mutual friend, Colonel Williams, a Welshman, who commanded a regiment at the time stationed upon the island, and who regarded with no small degree of contempt the martinet customs of the Prussian service. Dr. B—— called upon him at once, and announced his purpose.

"Ah! So you and Frederick the Great have got at it, eh? I have heard of the affair in the council, and of his overture to you."

Dr. B—— explained his unsuccessful application to the senior Waters, and his embarrassing ignorance as to the manner in which he was to proceed. "I am entirely unacquainted with the use of a pistol," he said, "and do not even possess a pair. I shall stand no chance whatever with Sir George Young; but life is of no value with a brand upon it."

"Are you quite out of practice with the pistol?" asked the colonel.

"I never fired a pistol in my life."

"Then I would not give a guinea for his. A man's first shot is the best in the first hundred. Here is a pair of pistols that never missed fire since they were first manufactured. Take them home with you. Stand before the largest mirror in the house. Look well at your shadow. Raise your pistol from your knee in this way, with a stiff elbow, ranging along the shadow in the glass; and, when you get the muzzle to the height of the hip, draw the trigger. You will fight in Glen's saw-pit. Be there in good season. Place yourself at one end of it; and, when he comes opposite to you, think of the man in the glass; raise your muzzle with a stiff elbow, and pull as soon as it ranges with his hip. You can't miss him! Ten to one he will talk

about marching, and facing to the right-about, and give you a lecture about the 'Prussian mode' of doing things. Tell him you are fixed to your spot, but that he can march and countermarch, and be hanged to him! Recollect! you have but two things to think of after you get upon the ground. See that your priming lies well upon the touch-hole, and then think of the man in the glass. If you drop your pistol and level at him from above, you will overshoot him. I should like you to have a second, but you can state to Sir George the impossibility of procuring one, and that you are content to rely upon any arrangement that he may make in this respect. You may safely do this. After all, he is a gentleman, and, if he had been bred up in our service, he would have been a soldier, instead of being, as he now is, a bigoted martinet of the Prussian school."

At the hour of five in the afternoon of the following day the parties met at the saw-pit, Sir George Young courteously offering a "thousand apologies" to his "placed" antagonist for being late, having been suddenly called upon to attend to some important official matters before leaving the government house.

The doctor received his explanation gracefully, and then observed: "Your excellency has brought no second?"

"No," he replied; "on the Continent, I have known difficulties to arise from such circumstances, and the honor of gentlemen called in question when two have gone out against one; but you have confided in me; surely I will confide in you. I suppose, Dr. B——, that this business is no novelty to you."

"On the contrary," replied the doctor, "it is, thank God, the first occasion of the sort I was ever yet engaged in."

"Different people have different ways of settling it," replied the governor; "but in the Prussian service the practice is to stand in the centre of the field, back to back, march off four paces, then to the right-about, then level and fire. It has been in reference to that practice that I have had the ground of this pit put in condition for marching in which you see it."

"As I have never had the honor to be in the Prussian service," said Dr. B——, "your excellency will, I hope, excuse me from any such evolution. I am placed either here, or, if you please, at the other extremity of this pit; but," he added, seeing a shadow gathering over the governor's face, "my course need not, I think, prevent your excellency from adopting the practice to which you are accustomed."

Sir George's countenance brightened at the suggestion. "Dr. B——," said he, "you are, in all respects, a gentleman—permit me to say it. Well, then, as I have your leave, I shall march up to you, go to the right-about, march off eight paces, and then again face you, at which time we fire. And as in this method I must naturally turn my back upon you, I desire explicitly to say that I do it strictly as a military manoeuvre, and without the remotest idea of conveying toward you the least personal slight or indignity."

"There is one thing more," suggested the doctor; "your excellency will excuse my inexperience, but the exact moment at which I should fire is not so nicely defined as I could wish it might be."

"That is well thought of," said Sir George; "I shall make it perfectly obvious to you. I shall march and counter-march with my handkerchief—you perceive it is a white one—in my left hand, and, when I drop it, you will fire."

His excellency marched accordingly, with a very gracious air, toward Dr. B——; then, turning to the right-about, he counted aloud, in German, as he marched them, the eight paces; faced again to the right-about, dropped the handkerchief, and two discharges were almost instantly heard. The ball of his pistol had lodged in one of the timbers directly over the head of Dr. B——, while that of his opponent, guided by a surer aim, had pierced his heart. He sprang convulsively upward, and expired without a groan.

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE parentage of Wilkie Collins accounts, in some degree (if we may believe Mr. Galton's theory of hereditary genius), for the wealth of his fancy, and for the success which he has achieved in a calling which requires imaginative power. He is the eldest son of the late William Collins, of the Royal Academy, celebrated as a painter of rustic scenes, and especially of sea-coast scenery and English cottage-life; and his mother was a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, than whom there are few English portrait-painters more successful. Wilkie was

born January 8, 1824. His younger brother, Charles Collins, married Charles Dickens's eldest daughter, and is also known as an artist of no mean merit. For the first twelve years of Wilkie Collins's life he was taught at a well-reputed private school, being instructed mainly in the rudiments of Latin and Greek, "which," he writes in a letter, "have not been of the slightest use to me in my after-life." In 1837, his father determined to go to Italy in search of fresh subjects for his brush among the people and the scenery of that country, and Mrs. Collins was to accompany him. The question being agitated whether the boys should go too, the family friends, for the most part, urged that it would be madness to interrupt the education of two boys of thirteen and nine, by taking them to a foreign country, and subjecting them to foreign influences, at a time when they ought to undergo the wholesome discipline and restraint of an English school. Two friends, however, dissented from the general opinion; and these two happened to be remarkable persons, capable of seeing possibilities of education in systems other than that conventionally recognized; they were David Wilkie, the famous Scotch painter, who was Wilkie Collins's godfather, and Mrs. Somerville, authoress of "Physical Geography," and who has lately, at over fourscore years, given to the world an admirable and profound philosophical treatise. David Wilkie was William Collins's dearest friend; and for Mrs. Somerville's opinion he had great respect. They persuaded him that what the boys might lose in the classics, they would gain in knowing the modern languages, and in acquiring habits of observation among new people and new scenes; and so to Italy it was decided the boys should go. They remained abroad for two years; and there, in that way, the elder picked up, in his own judgment, the only education which has been of some real use to him. Returning from Italy, he went back to a private school and his uncongenial classics. In due time it became a question whether he should be sent to Oxford and the classics, or to Cambridge and the mathematics. His father left him free to choose his own profession; only hinting that, if Wilkie liked it too, he would prefer to see him in the Church! The young man scarcely knew which he most disliked—going to the university or into the Church. So he cut the Gordian knot and escaped both, by declaring for commerce; and at seventeen or eighteen he was placed in a merchant's office. In this pursuit he continued for four years; but, with his tastes, he would hardly have remained so long, had he not had a pursuit of his own to follow, which really engaged his interest. He was already an author in secret. Few are so disinclined that their children should pursue a literary or artistic career, as literary men and artists themselves; and William Collins had doubtless used his powers of persuasion to divert his son from the hazardous venture of letters. There was, however, hardly any form of audacious literary enterprise proper to his age which he did not surreptitiously venture, while he was supposed to be in a fair way of becoming one of the solid commercial props of the city of London. Toward the end of the four years he had grown wise enough "to descend from epic poems and blank-verse tragedies" to unassuming little articles and stories, some of which found their way modestly into the small periodicals of the time. He was thus self-betrayed as unfit for a mercantile career, abandoned commerce, and tried reading for the bar. This new occupation lasted, perhaps, six weeks; then he began a novel by way of imparting a little variety in his legal studies. Nominally he continued to be a member of Lincoln's Inn, at which he had been entered as a student, and (no examination being necessary at that time) he was, five years afterward, called to the bar. "I am now," he says, "a barrister of some fifteen years' standing, without ever having had a brief, or ever having even so much as donned a wig and gown." The novel which he began, with which to beguile his time in the cosy but not wholly congenial retreat of Lincoln's Inn, where he found no sympathies among his law-talking neighbors, and where he uttered many a weary sigh over the ponderous law-calf tomes, was, when completed, offered for sale among the London publishers. Wilkie Collins had to undergo the same brusque rebuffs, and to experience the same terrible sinking of the heart, which Thackeray, Chatterton, and hosts of others, have suffered before and after him. The publishers would not venture to publish his first ambitious work. One after another declined to make the experiment; and one and all gave excellent reasons for their decision. The best reason in the world is given in the author's own words. "The scene of the story," says he, "was laid in the Island of Tahiti, before the period of its discovery by European navigation! My youthful imagination ran riot among the noble savages, in scenes which caused the

respectable British publisher to declare that it was impossible to put his name on the title-page of such a novel. For the moment I was a little discouraged. But I got over it, and began another novel." This time the scene was Rome; the period, the fifth century; and the central historical event, the siege of the Eternal City by the Goths. All day he read his authorities at the British Museum; in the evening, he wrote on his story in the quiet and seclusion of his father's painting-room. The first volume had been completed, and he was well on with the second, when his absorption in it was broken rudely by his father's death. He put the novel aside, and addressed himself to the writing of another story, which lay far nearer his heart—the story of his father's life. In the "Memoirs of William Collins, R. A.," he saw his name on the title-page of a printed and published book for the first time. This biography and work of love appeared in 1848, when he was twenty-four, and is considered one of the best of his books; it is full of the enthusiasm of early youth and zealous authorship, and its interest is heightened no less by filial pride than by filial tenderness. It was valued, too, by an extensive circle of earnest admirers of the father's genius.

The biography finished, Collins returned to and completed his romance, the third volume of which was written at Paris. Colburn, the publisher, refused the book; but Bentley published it in 1850. The title of this, his first novel, was "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome." Its success was such as to give him at once a certain place as a novelist. The critics received it with a praise which was nearly unanimous; while the favorable verdict of the reviews was indorsed in time by the readers, "many of my literary elders and betters kindly adding their special tribute of encouragement and approval." "Antonina" opened him a career as a novelist which he has continued to follow, with a success and fame steadily increasing, to the present time. His second romance, "Basil," appeared in 1852, and in the same year he published a narrative of a walking-tour in Cornwall, called "Rambles beyond Railways." In 1854 appeared "Hide and Seek," and, in 1856, a collection of short stories, entitled, "After Dark." His pen, thenceforth, has known little rest. His first novel to attract universal interest, and which exhibited his rare powers of invention, and his genius for constructing a sensational plot, was "The Dead Secret," issued in 1857; and in the following year appeared another volume of short stories, collected under the head of "Queen of Hearts." It was in 1860 that his greatest triumph was achieved, and that he gave to the world his greatest work of fiction—"The Woman in White." This was followed, in 1862, by "No Name," a volume of collected sketches and essays appeared in 1863, called "My Miscellanies;" "Armada" was published in 1866, "The Moonstone" in 1868, and, finally, "Man and Wife," in 1870. Besides these novels, Wilkie Collins has been a successful writer of dramas, and has a facile hand in rendering dramatic versions of brother authors. His first drama was "The Light-house," which was acted in private at the house of Charles Dickens. It was first performed at Camden House, Kensington, the residence of Colonel Waugh, for the benefit of a charity connected with the army in the Crimea; and the audience was most brilliant. Not less so the performers. Charles Dickens assumed the part of Aaron Gurnoch, head light-keeper; Wilkie Collins that of Martin Gurnoch; Jacob Dale was acted by Mark Lemon; a "Shipwrecked Lady," Miss Hogarth (Dickens's sister-in-law); Phoebe, the eldest Miss Dickens. The acting of Dickens, on this occasion, was the marked feature of the evening, which, according to Tom Taylor, "was a great individual creation of a kind that has not been exhibited before." It has been said that the association of Miss Hogarth with Dickens in this play was the occasion of the separation from his wife. "The Light-house" was also brought out in public at the Olympic Theatre with marked success. "The Frozen Deep," Collins's second drama, has a similar history, having been produced at Dickens's house by amateurs, and also at the Olympic. The next, "The Red Vial," was brought out by the Olympic, but had only a limited popularity. Wilkie Collins, in collaboration with Dickens and Fechter, dramatized Dickens's beautiful Christmas story, "No Thoroughfare," which Fechter brought out with great *éclat* at the Adelphi Theatre, Strand, of which he was then the manager. "Black and White" was also adapted by Collins and Fechter, and produced at the Adelphi. At the time of writing this, Collins is busily dramatizing "Man and Wife" for the London stage, and has arranged to have it also brought out in the United States.

Wilkie Collins was for many years one of Dickens's closest and

most cherished friends. They might often be seen walking together in the London streets, especially in the neighborhood of Covent Garden and the Strand; Collins, short and rather thick-set, with bold forehead, long black beard, large bright-blue eyes, and gold spectacles, forming a decided contrast with the airiness and "sailor-like aspect" of his great friend. Most frequently might these two be found quietly dining together at Verrey's restaurant at the upper end of Regent Street, near Oxford Street, where they had a little table to themselves in a corner reserved especially for Dickens by the restaurant-keeper. Frequently, also, Collins visited the famous old house on Gad's Hill, and Dickens the plain house occupied by his friend, in Gloucester Place, Portman Square. Collins has long been a frequent contributor

to *All the Year Round*, several of his best novels having appeared in that periodical; and doubtless his connection with it will not cease, now that its founder has been laid in the great Abbey. In society, few men are more genial, sparkling, and entertaining, than Wilkie Collins. Few enjoy life and good fortune with more zest, or with more honest and hearty pleasure. He is fond of talking, and converses with an ease and fluency, and a frequent humor (though this quality appears little in his writings), which make him a welcome comer among the literary circles of London, and a favorite guest at the tables of elegant entertainers. Like Dickens, Wilkie Collins is far from having a kinship with literary Bohemians, the eccentric and shiftless *litterati*, whose oddities are noted by gossips, and whose pounds sterling melt away without their consciousness. He is a prompt, methodical, quick-witted, keen business-man. He pays careful attention to the business details of his profession. He understands fully the advantage of reputation and his position, in the face of the publisher. He seldom or never appears in public, and, although a ready speaker on occasion, he is, it is needless to say, wanting in that peculiarly happy brilliancy and apt oratorical force, which, on festive, as well as serious occasions, distinguished Charles Dickens above all Englishmen. He is an excellent representative and type of a modern class of English literary men, who mingle freely and happily with the world and are of it; who take a keen interest in the events of the world and keep well abreast with their times; who have a kind of robustness, physical as well as moral and mental, and a generous vigor, which identify them with Young England in its best phase. Charles Reade is another example of the same sort. Like Dickens and Reade, Collins is no cour-

tier of lordly patronage, no dupe of aristocratic splendor and blandishment. He thinks positively on all subjects, and in politics he stands fairly on the liberal and progressive side. Thackeray, with all his bluff independence and "Snob-Papers" satire, was not a little patriotic in his tastes and habits; and was seduced by the smiles of a nobility which, in grace and polish and delicate condescension, is the most seductive on earth. It is the peculiarity of this newer race of which I speak, that they are rarely found in the company of lords, and that their writings make little account of the "higher orders." They feel quite independent of them, and so think and act for themselves. Toward America, Collins, as Dickens and Reade, feels cordially and cousinly, and in our affairs he takes a very lively interest. Doubtless a sense of

gratitude has something to do with his cordial friendship for us; for, popular as he is in England, his works are far more widely circulated and read in this country, and his fame is probably more widespread with us than with his British fellow-subjects.

It is, perhaps, hardly a proper moment in which to enter upon any minute criticism of his works. To sum up an author's labors, and to seek to settle his proper rank among other authors, is, in his lifetime, an invidious task. Wilkie Collins is still in the sturdy vigor of his prime; and although it is true that no recent work of his equals in artistic and dramatic power, or in strong delineation of character, "The Woman in White," we may yet look for his masterpiece. It is difficult to avoid expressing the thought, that his later works show signs, not of any deterioration of creative power, or of working mental capacity, but of a

haste and carelessness which betray many defects, and leave many things to be desired. It almost seems as if the author were too heedful of the business aspect of his profession, and too little heedful to maintain his fame. Many writers have fallen before the temptation to turn out a certain annual quantity of matter, and to derive from it a certain annual income. What has often been mistaken for a decay of powers, has resulted from yielding to such an impulse.

There is one observation which few, who read both the earlier and later books of Wilkie Collins, will not make. Like Bulwer, it may be said of him that, at a certain period of his literary career, his style seems to have changed, and to have become widely different from what it was before. As the author of "Pelham" would scarcely be recognized in "My Novel," so the author of "Antonina" and "Basil" was effectually disguised in "The Woman in White" and "Arma-



WILKIE COLLINS.

dale." The change was an improvement. If there be a conspicuous merit in the last two, it is the art with which the reader is entangled in the plot, and in the unflagging interest of every succeeding page; and hardly less remarkable is the singular appropriateness of the author's style to the peculiar sort of fiction to which he has for the most part latterly confined himself. His forte is to invent with subtlety, and then to develop his invention through the medium of a style the peculiarity of which is at once to give a *vraisemblance* to the story by detailed and minute matter-of-fact statement, to enchain the attention, and to deepen and dramatize the mysteries of the complication. In the invention of a plot, and in that alone, Collins is superior to Dickens, Thackeray, and Eliot; and may be said to have only in Reade a rival. He is fond of introducing the supernatural into his stories; but does so with less boldness than Bulwer, seeking rather to leave it doubtful whether the startling appearances which he presents are remarkable coincidences, or due to other than human agency. His works rather give evidences of a possibility of greatness in him, than declare him already great. He lacks the fitful and flashing brilliancy of Reade, as he does the surpassing tenderness and unapproachable humor of Dickens; he has no touch of Thackeray's satire, no splendor of description, such as that which abounds in Bulwer; neither can he be compared with George Eliot in those perfect pictures of certain phases of society, and of every-day characters and events, for which that authoress is famous. But, in his especial field of fiction, he has no superior, perhaps no equal, among living English romancers.

POISONS AND POISONERS.

III.

SUICIDE by poison has never been a favorite method, only seventeen cases having occurred in England, from 1852-'56, out of five thousand four hundred and fifteen suicides. Yet, in this country, it seems to be of late growing more into fashion, while many destroy their lives unintentionally, having fallen into the habit of using morphia or some other preparation of opium as a sedative, and accidentally taking an overdose.

The proportion of favoritism, as to the selection of special poisons, is found to be about as follows: 1. Laudanum; 2. Prussic acid; 3. Arsenic; 4. Essential oil of bitter almonds; 5. Paris green. But in these cases persons are frequently governed by the facility with which they can obtain certain drugs rather than others.

Among literary men we do not find many who have adopted this means for ending their lives.

Sir John Suckling, who died about 1642, is said to have obtained poison from an apothecary in Paris, and with it given himself "his quietus."

Andrew Marvel, who was continually in trouble during his life, for persistent libels on the government and on the ecclesiastical authorities, died very suddenly, August 16, 1678, and is supposed to have been poisoned.

Chatterton, "the sleepless boy that perished in his pride," committed suicide by taking arsenic, on the 24th of August, 1770. His last lines concluded as follows:

"Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive!"

The "ordal by poison" was quite common among the ancients, and still obtains in some parts of Africa as a supposed means of detecting crime.

In India there were two distinct ordeals: in the one, the poison, a portion of a root called *vishanaga*; or of *sanchya*, or white arsenic, was mixed with clarified butter; and the accused was forced to eat from the hand of a Bramin. The other mode was to drop a hooded snake, called the *naga*, into an earthen jar, in which was a seal, ring, or coin, which was to be withdrawn from the jar with the bare hand; if the accused passed through either of these ordeals unharmed, he was considered innocent.

In the year 1833, much discussion was going on in the British Parliament, concerning the treatment of slaves in various parts of the world, by their masters, and *vice versa*. Daniel O'Connell, ever alive to the sufferings of the oppressed, on one occasion was praising the slaves in Martinique, Sierra Leone, and other colonies, at the expense

of their masters, when the following facts were brought out, among others, to show that the savage nature, though somewhat under the influence of civilization, was not quite as infantile and seraphic in its character as its advocates would have it appear:

There existed at this time, among the negroes of Martinique, an organized gang of poisoners, who poisoned indiscriminately, and for mere amusement, black and white, bond and free, old and young, male and female, man and beast.

The diabolical ingenuity, which served these fiends in their career of death, is truly admirable in the very magnificence of its wicked originality.

Some of the gang dug up the body of a slave who had died of dropsy, tapped it, drew off the water, and with it made their master's coffee every morning while it lasted—a refinement of the culinary art not recommended by Soyer or Blot.

They poisoned a priest, dug up his body after interment, made it into patties, and sold these on the surrounding estates.

These scheming poisoners fed pigs with the flesh of those they had poisoned, and afterward killed and cooked the pigs, and served them up at the tables of their masters.

One female confessed to having poisoned twenty white children, whose remains she and her associates had dug up and cooked with fricasseed dishes for the dinner of their own parents; in one case the mother ate the brains of her own child thus prepared. Whole white families were cut off, before even a suspicion of the cause had arisen.

At length, however, the truth came out, and numbers of the slaves were arrested and tried for their hideous crimes. One female was hanged; one sentenced to the galleys for life, and two were poisoned in prison by their comrades, for fear they should make disclosures which would implicate fourteen others.

It is a common assertion that "the human body can accustom itself to any thing," and though this is an exaggeration, the capacity of the physical system to sustain conditions which, it would seem, should destroy it, is a most wonderful fact.

Opium-eaters commonly reach a capacity for assimilating or neutralizing the deadly properties of the drug, almost inconceivable, when we consider that very small proportions of it will destroy life in those not so habituated.

Arsenic and bella donna are much more commonly used than is generally supposed; used chiefly by the fair sex, to improve their personal appearance and apparent health.

As to the use of arsenic, there abound in some districts of Lower Austria and Styria, and especially in those mountainous regions bordering on Hungary, numbers of persons who make a constant practice of eating as much arsenic *per diem* as would serve to kill off a large population of such as were not regularly educated to the "arsenic habit."

This habit obtains chiefly among the peasants of these localities, and is followed for the purpose of encouraging a healthy appearance of the skin; arsenic being, as has already been shown, a remarkable preservative of the form and color of the tissues, even after death. It is also eaten in those mountainous countries to improve respiration in climbing lofty and nearly inaccessible heights.

A morsel of this poison, dissolved in the mouth, produces the most surprising results, and enables the pedestrian to bear exposure and fatigue without difficulty or danger.

These poison-eaters commence with something less than half a grain, taken fasting, and gradually increase the dose, eating it daily through a long life, and only suffering when, by any accident, they are compelled to dispense with it.

One hale and hearty old man, upward of sixty years of age, had taken arsenic in four-grain doses daily for more than forty years.

Many, however, die from carelessness in its use: and it is found that cessation from the practice produces all the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic, and health is only regained by a return to the habit.

In Vienna, arsenic is commonly given to horses to make them fat and sleek. In Constantinople, and in Peru and Bolivia, corrosive sublimate is eaten for the same purpose.

It is a very remarkable fact that nearly all poisons have been found to be antidotes to other poisons, and also curative agents for diseases which present the same morbid conditions. Thus, in India, arsenic is one of the ingredients of a very valuable antidote against the poison of serpents.

Stramonium is used as a medicine in cases of mania and epilepsy. Strychnine is given for mania, hysteria, and hydrophobia.

Alcohol, which is so much of a poison that seven drachms of proof-spirits will kill a cat, is commonly administered in cases of poison, both vegetable and animal.

An ounce of the strong infusion of tobacco will destroy the life of a rabbit, and five drachms in the form of snuff have killed a dog. Nicotina, the active principle of tobacco, is as deadly and powerful a poison as prussic acid, and it exists in manufactured tobacco in the proportion of eight per cent. Yet, tobacco is used in medicine; is a powerful antispasmodic; and, in cases of epilepsy and tetanus, is found of great benefit, from its property of relaxing the muscles.

When pure, the acrid smell of nicotine slightly resembles that of tobacco; but, when volatilized by heat, it throws out vapors which are so oppressive that breathing becomes difficult in a room where a drop of the liquid has been spilled. It can be detected as easily as the mineral poisons; and when Gustave Foignies was poisoned with it by the Count Bocarmé a few years since, in Belgium, it was detected by the chemist in the flooring of the dining-room where Foignies died, although that flooring had been scoured with soap, oil, and warm water.

The poison of hydrophobia and the plague kill in the most minute quantities, if introduced into the circulation. Carbonic acid and the poison of the viper may be taken into the stomach without danger; but the former, if inhaled, and the latter, if it gets into the blood, will destroy life.

It is supposed that the venom of the serpent is a stimulus of the most powerful character, and that it destroys life by this very excess. Yet alcohol, another stimulant, is given as an antidote in enormous quantities, while the *spiritus ammoniac compositus* is considered the most certain antidote, for snake-poison, known by English residents in the East. It is also common, among the natives of the East, to place persons who have been bitten by snakes near a strong fire; a remedy, sometimes used by us in trifling burns.

The poison of the rattlesnake is contained in ducts, which are canals in the ivory of the teeth. The poison-fangs die, are shed, and after about six weeks are reproduced, and there are sometimes as many as twelve on a side in reserve.

This poison is very virulent, and acts on all life, vegetable as well as animal. It is even fatal to the snake itself; and an instance is related, where a rattlesnake being annoyed struck its fangs out into its own body, and soon after died. It is certainly curious that a liquid secreted from the blood should poison the same blood when reintroduced into it. The capacity of a snake to poison, however, is certainly limited. One, upon which the experiment was tried, killed five chickens when its ability was exhausted. This poison acts as a sedative through the blood on the nerve-centres. Alcohol is found to be the best antidote, as the system requires active stimulants.

Henbane, or *hyoscyamus*, is poisonous to birds and dogs, while upon horses, cows, goats, and swine, it has no injurious effect. This plant comes from Palestine and the Levant; it is a powerful narcotic poison, and one of its curious effects is upon the sight; to those who recover after taking it, every object appears of a scarlet hue for several days; it is used in medicine as an anodyne. Its influence in large doses is maddening; so that in one case which is recorded it required the united efforts of six strong men to hold another, under its influence, while his teeth were being forced apart to admit of the administration of an antidote.

Strychnine is the product of the *nux vomica*, or "poison-nut," which grows on the coast of Coromandel. It is fatal to nearly all animals; is very rapid in its effects, and usually ends life with marked tetanus (locked-jaw).

The effect of aloes upon dogs and wolves is poisonous. *Phellandrium aquaticum*, or, "five-leaved water-hemlock," kills horses, while oxen devour it greedily, and with entire impunity. The paralyzing effects which are attributed to its influence upon horses, are really the results of the presence of an insect (*Curculio parvipes*) which resides within its stalks. Applications of this plant have been made in cases of ulcer, and even cancer, with success.

The "water-hemlock" (*Cicuta virosa*) is supposed to have been the plant which the Greeks used in concocting their deadly potions; it induces intoxication, vertigo, and even epilepsy, and is very virulent. It is said to be a fatal poison to cows, while goats and sheep eat it without evil result.

The common parsley is said to occasion epilepsy in some constitutions; and is also supposed to produce inflammation of the eyes.

The flowers of the common elder are said to kill peacocks, and the berries, fowls. Cases are also reported where these have poisoned human beings, but not to death.

An English surgeon has ascertained, by experiment, that monkeys can take strychnine without injury.

Fish, at certain seasons and in certain seas, are deadly poisonous, though at other times and places perfectly wholesome; this is attributed to their having fed on *acrid mollusca*.

"Poison-Cove," a small bay in the waters of Puget Sound, is thus named, from the fact that a boat-load of Indians was once poisoned there by eating mussels.

The flesh of birds is occasionally poisonous, when they have fed upon the fruit of poisonous plants; this is sometimes noticed in partridges which eat the mountain-laurel.

Disease generates a poison in animals, as the murrain in sheep rendering their flesh dangerous as food. Accidents also frequently happen in the dissecting-room, from the poison of the "subject" being introduced into the circulation of the operator, through a wound or abrasion.

It is observable that all animal poisons must be introduced into the circulation to prove deadly, or indeed injurious. To this law the poison of rabies, or hydrophobia, is no exception. An antidote to the latter is sometimes found in vegetable poisons; as *belladonna*, and *scutellaria* (scull-cap).

The prevailing superstition regarding the toad, "ugly and venomous," is not entirely unsupported by fact.

The toad secretes a poisonous fluid in or under the cuticle, and this, when extracted by naturalists and experimented with, has been found to be very virulent, causing death when introduced into the circulation. It also exudes this liquor through the pores of the skin, when disturbed, which has given rise to the opinion that its saliva is poisonous.

The *Atropa belladonna*, or "deadly night-shade," is a common plant, native to temperate climates, and its beautiful berries are frequently eaten in ignorance. It is supposed to have been this plant whose berries were eaten by the Roman soldiers during starvation, when, under the command of Antony, they retreated from the Parthians. Those who ate of them are said to have lost their memory and their senses. "They went about turning over what stones they saw, and then fell dead."

It is also asserted that the Danes mixed the juice of these berries with the meat and drink with which, by truce, they furnished the Scots, who, losing consciousness, were then slaughtered.

Shakespeare, in Macbeth, causes Banquo to say:

"Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?"

which may have referred to this plant; as may also have been obtained from it the fabled *nepenthe*.

In 1781 two poor women belonging to Cambridge, England, and who had been gleaning in the fields near there, were found lying on the road-side in a stupor. It was found that they had eaten the berries of the deadly night-shade, but fortunately not sufficient to prevent their recovery.

Two young English gentlemen, on a pedestrian tour through France, became thirsty by the way, and, attracted by the inviting appearance of these berries, ate some of them, fell into a stupor, and were found dead.

A laborer, working in Trinity College, ate some of the leaves of this plant as a salad; he experienced the same symptoms, but was fortunately restored. The night-shade was named *belladonna* by the Italians, because the fair ladies of Italy used a cosmetic prepared from the plant. Miniature-painters, also, obtained from it, and used in their art, a most beautiful green color.

There are few who have not heard something of the "deadly upas-tree."

This tree was formerly said to be so poisonous that it showered death upon every other plant or animal that came within the range of its influence; and it was considered so deadly that the task of collecting its juices, with which to poison the arrows of the natives, was given to criminals condemned to death. The tree is a native of Java and Borneo, its true name being the "*bohan*" tree, *upas* being the Javanese generic term for all vegetable poisons. The true source of

death alluded to above was the crater of a volcano, which emitted carbonic-acid gas continually, and within the influence of whose poisonous exhalations not even the *upas* could live.

A Hollander, named Foersch, visited Java in 1774, and first made known to Europe the native fables with regard to this tree. He stated that it was located about seventy-five miles from Batavia, in the midst of a basin surrounded by hills and mountains; and that, for a distance of ten or twelve miles in all directions, no living thing grew. The country was completely barren, not even a tree, shrub, or plant of any kind to be found. Criminals condemned to death had the option of being executed, or of going to the *bohan upas* for arrow-poison. An old priest who was placed near the locality to administer consolation and give necessary directions as to the route, alleged that he had in thirty years sent forward more than seven hundred criminals, of whom not more than one in ten returned. Their only chance appeared to lie in catching an occasion when the wind was in their favor, and blew the poisonous vapors away from them.

Furthermore, it was asserted that no fish inhabited the waters that flowed through this land; no living animals were ever seen there; and birds flying over it had been observed to fall dead, and had been brought back to the priest in that condition. This poison was so powerful that at an execution witnessed by Foersch, thirteen persons, being struck with an instrument like a lancet, which had been poisoned with it, died in less than fifteen minutes. At one time, every Malay of rank poisoned his dagger or other weapon with the *upas*; and, in time of war, even the springs were thus rendered deadly. The Dutch suffered greatly in Java from this cause. And the natives, in their travels about the island, always carried live fish with them, placing them in the springs from which they drank, and guarding them to see if they remained alive. Later researches, however, have proved that most of these statements are mere fables.

The celebrated *woorara*, or "arrow-poison," of South America, was first introduced to the notice of the civilized world by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from Guiana in 1595. This poison is derived from the bark of the *bejuco de macacouré*, a species of bind-weed belonging to the *Strychnos* family, and thus coming honestly by its poisonous properties. It is made by a cold infusion after evaporation, and is only poisonous when introduced into the blood. Another poison is prepared by the *Macousi* Indians, composed of the *woorara*, one or two bulbous plants, two species of poisonous ants, the fangs of the *labarri* and *corra couchi* snakes, and strong Indian pepper. This "hell-broth," quite equal to the compound made in the celebrated "witches' caldron" in "Macbeth," is then boiled to a dark syrup, when it becomes so poisonous that arrows dipped in it and fired into a tree will cause the leaves to drop off or wither within three days, which is a test of its strength. It acts through the circulation of animals directly upon the cerebral substance of the brain, and is almost immediately deadly; but the Indians are acquainted with certain herbs, which they eat after being thus poisoned, and which prove a perfect antidote. The poisons used by the different tribes in South America are all different.

Among the natives of Upper Peru, and the interior of South America, the most common weapon in use had been a long tube, through which were blown little arrows, tipped with a very virulent poison called *ticunas*, which killed instantly; a hundredth part of a grain, introduced into the blood, being sufficient to destroy life. These natives could blow their arrows with great force and accuracy.

The *manchineel-tree*, or *hippomane*, is a West-Indian tree, and its milky juice was formerly used by the Indians to poison their arrows. The beauty and closeness of grain of this tree render it much sought after for timber; but so poisonous is it that cutters have to dry it before felling, by building fires about it. Sawyers, too, must blind their eyes, for fear of ophthalmic inflammations, which are produced readily by its pungent aroma. If the juice touches the skin, it blisters; and if it drops on linen, it corrodes, as does vitriol, and terminates in holes. The dust is also poisonous, and carpenters have to work in gauze masks. It is said that the heads of persons who slept in the shade of this tree swelled to an enormous extent, and that they became blind; and the crab, if it burrows near it, becomes poisonous to eat. This tree always grows near the sea-shore, and it is a remarkable and providential fact that salt-water is an antidote to its poison, as are the white-wood and fig-tree, which are always found near it.

Of poisons, one hundred and twenty are classed as acrid vegetable; twenty-two as narcotic and acrid vegetable; thirty-one as nar-

cotic; eighteen poison fungi. As a general rule, the antidotes to these poisons are, vomiting and purging; acids, strong coffee, wines, and emollients—as panada with butter.

Of mineral poisons there are about twenty, besides the acids.

These are irritant poisons, operating on the different organs by inflammation and corrosion. The usual antidotes are any chalky or lime preparation in water; milk; soap and water; even the scrapings of the wall—if plaster. These, of course, include arsenic, antimony, tartar-emetic, and corrosive sublimate; for the latter, white of eggs and milk, and saline purgatives, are antidotes.

In all cases of poisoning internally, an emetic is safe practice.

Prussic acid is the active principle found in bitter-almonds, laurel, and the peach. It kills instantly, and is only kept by druggists in a diluted state, as the *anhydrous*, or pure acid, is too dangerous to handle. The best antidote to this is ammonia, offered to the nostrils, and taken internally, in small doses; and the person poisoned should be dashed vigorously with cold water.

This poison is known to the pharmacopœia as *hydrocyanic acid*.

Opium is the narcotic principle of the milky juice of the white-poppy (*Cocculus Indicus*). It is a native of Asia and Southern Europe, and is classed as a narcotic.

In Mohammedan countries it is used as a substitute for spirits, and, having been introduced into China, the opium trade has been so fostered by the English as to have become the source of an enormous and lucrative trade to Great Britain, and of incalculable injury and misery to the Chinese. There is poetic justice in the fact that the English brewers use from fifty to sixty thousand pounds of it annually, to increase the intoxicating properties of the beer which their countrymen drink.

Laurel-water is distilled from the leaves of the *Laurus cerasus*, or laurel, until it becomes as clear as water. Its poisonous property consists in the quantity of prussic acid it contains.

Of animals, the nails of the feline tribe are said to be poisonous. Of snakes, the *cobra de capello* is the most deadly; then vipers, rattlesnakes, the copperhead, moccasin, etc.

The scorpion and centipede stand by themselves, as distinct species. One poisons with his tail, the other by mere contact with the flesh of man. Yet, in a conflict related by Buckland between a scorpion and a mouse, the mouse not only came off conqueror, but ate his enemy up in triumph, without the slightest unpleasant effect. Centipedes are sometimes seven or eight inches long; scorpions seldom more than three or four. Among spiders, the great *tarantula* has a bad name, much of which is due to a foolish superstition which originated with the natives of Apulia, who suffered themselves to be bitten, and then feigned madness and engaged in an eccentric dance. The *tarantula*, however, is excessively venomous, besides being villainously ugly. The common cellar-spider and the variegated garden-spider are also poisonous and dangerous; but the more common varieties are harmless. Bees, wasps, and hornets, are too common to need consideration here.

The sting of many other insects seems to have a poisonous effect, but in a very limited degree. As we become acquainted with the nature of the world we inhabit and its productions, we discover that all have their good qualities; and there is hardly a known poison even, that is not used in some form in the treatment of disease. As a weapon in the hands of the wicked, poison is silent, secret, and deadly; but the advance of science has so opened to us the arcana of knowledge that discovery and punishment are certain and swift.

I AND THOU.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

I AM a rose that, in the field,
Breathes to the breeze perfume—
O love, thou art the cooling dew,
That wakes me into bloom.

I am the jewel, darkly hid,
In gloomy mines below—
Thou art the sunbeam, in whose light
My varied colors glow.

I am the crystal goblet, whence
A monarch drinks his wine—
Thou art the sweet, unpurpled wave,
Whose splendors through me shine.

I am the gloomy thunder-cloud,
That sweeps across the skies—
Thou art the shining rainbow, love!
That on my bosom lies.

I am the Memnon, dumb and dead,
The desert sands among—
Thou art the crimson light of day,
That wakes my heart to song.

I am an erring man that gropes
Amid bewild'ring night—
Thou art an angel, sent from God,
To lead me to the light.

BOUGUEREAU.

THERE are various kinds of success in the world, but the most obvious success, the one which is commonly coveted the most, probably is that which gives a man popularity and fortune. It is true this is not the success which befalls the greatest and best men; it did not attend Homer and Dante and Milton; it did not endow Michael Angelo and Tintoret and Delacroix with this world's goods; it belongs rather to the second class of men—men who imitate, who are more remarkable for propriety and grace than for force and originality. From the old Roman life we may cite Virgil; from French literature, Racine; from England of to-day, Tennyson; and in our own land and time, Longfellow. The well-deserved success which naturally attends every thing marked by grace and propriety, has likewise accompanied the work of Bouguereau, the French figure-painter. His pictures are rated very high by picture-dealers in Paris and in New York; they are universally admired by picture-buyers; and they are always written of with respect, and sometimes with admiration, by critics, although they do not enlist any thing like ardent criticism. And yet they are pictures remarkable for suavity and beauty of style, and have much of the finest part of art that can be taught. Wealthy men in New York have a very great appreciation of Bouguereau, as may be seen in their private galleries.

Mr. John Taylor Johnson's admirable collection is graced by two fine examples of Bouguereau's elaborate art. Most of us interested in art recollect very well the artist's beautiful picture of a young girl carrying her little, chubby baby-brother to the bath, so finely and vigorously modelled, the painting of the naked boy so flesh-like in texture and tint, the girl's face so charmingly expressive of gentleness and innocence, the whole picture strong and fine and vivid in effect. This picture is in the private gallery of John Taylor Johnson. Mr. Belmont's specimen of Bouguereau is considerably larger, and represents an Italian mother and child, life-size, and it is a fine and admirable piece of painting and expression, drawn with uncommon certainty and largeness and simplicity of line, almost reaching what we should call the noble style. One of Bouguereau's most celebrated pictures was exhibited in the saloon of 1861, and Théophile Gautier wrote of it as follows ('the picture was called "The First Discord")': "It is not from yesterday that the first discord dates. The world was very young when it manifested itself. Two brothers sufficed for that, and the quarrel is not yet settled; the Last Judgment perhaps will separate the future Cain and Abel fighting over the corpse of the earth. M. Bouguereau has endeavored to render, in a fashion as simple as it is ingenious, the symptom of the first-born antipathy, which later will end in murder. The little Cain has had a dispute with Abel, who has taken refuge in Eve's bosom, and she vainly tries to reconcile them. Cain, obstinate, revengeful, jealous, already glares with ferocious eyes. A sullen anger draws down the corner of his mouth, and, in the convulsive frown of his low forehead, is foreshadowed the fatal sign with which his race shall be branded. Abel,

gracious and grieved, nestles under the maternal wing; his sorrow only betrays itself by sobs, and he asks nothing better than to forgive his brother. Eve, while pressing the beloved child against her heart, tries to draw the other there. She bends her head, and silent tears are falling on her cheeks. With her prophetic mother's instinct, she feels a premonition of the enmities which will rend the people yet to be, of whom the first family is the rudiment. The hatred of Cain and Abel contains a profound myth. It represents the duel of the disinherited against the favorites of Fortune . . . The artist has given the figure of Eve a grandiose and powerful beauty, which realizes the idea which one forms of the woman modelled directly by the hand of God. But, while making her strong, he has also made her graceful. Eve must have possessed the 'eternal feminine,' that element of irresistible seduction which made Adam disobey Jehovah, and forever closed to us the gates of the earthly paradise. M. Bouguereau's canvas would leave nothing to be desired if the painter had not sacrificed too much the diversities of tone to obtain harmony."

While Théophile Gautier praises Bouguereau, Edmond About describes his work as a contagious and triumphant mediocrity. We undoubtedly shall rely upon our own impressions, and are more likely to appreciate the elaborate and academic style of Bouguereau than we are to understand its precise significance and its artistic limitations. Bouguereau is a good painter, but not a great or original one; and, although in no sense a man of genius, he is full of talent, well-instructed and industrious, and always reaches the same level of excellence. He was born, in 1824, at Rochelle, France, studied in the École des Beaux-arts under Picot, and won the *grand prix de Rome* in 1850. He has decorated many aristocratic houses, painted many portraits, but is best known by his classic Roman or Italian subjects.

The two specimens of his talent which accompany this number of the JOURNAL are truly expressive of the type of face oftenest rendered by the artist, and also show us his characteristic preference for large and round forms. In most of his pictures, as in these, a certain degree of physical perfection, and a gracious and tender sentiment, render his work doubly attractive—attractive to our sense of beauty, and in winning the approbation of our moral sense. The dark and lustrous face of the lonely girl standing in the twilight on one of the bridges of Paris, with Notre-Dame in the background—an Italian girl, dreaming of the land of the orange and citron and olive—is a type common enough, but, unlike a common type, holds our attention by the profound and impassioned expression of the face. A movement of the soul—a sigh of regret—has given intensity to the countenance, and for the moment detached that lonely being from the crowd; and she is lustrous and fervid with the desire of home—that place afar off by the cradle of her infancy.

The other picture by Bouguereau does not lend itself to any "pathetic fallacy," nor to any romantic reverie. But it is no less charming than "Alone in the World;" it is perhaps more so, for no sadness, as from the homeless and forlorn, comes to us from this group, which represents an Italian peasant under the finest sky of the world, giving his beautiful boy his first lesson in music. Untroubled childhood, music, the pride of paternity—these are alike agreeable; and Bouguereau has made an admirable group expressive of the charm and sanctity that may be said to belong to them.

A VISIT TO THE AUTHORESS OF "GOLD ELSIE."

FROM THE GARTENLAUBE.

IN the summer of 1869 I determined so visit Thuringia again, that portion of German soil whose sunny mountains and glorious forests, with their unspeakable charm, have captivated so many thousand hearts, and whose poetical enchantment has again been exhibited to all the world through the Marlitt romances, which here have the scene of their events. Moreover, the town of Arnstadt, Miss Marlitt's birthplace, was on the line of my journey. I therefore cherished the desire to complete, by a personal interview, the picture which had been impressed upon me by her works, and a woodcut of her, and to take home with me a bright remembrance that should be a joy to me for many a gloomy winter's day. The wish to knock at her door as a visitor soon became a firm resolve, in spite of the whispers I heard, here and there, of how impossible it was to gain access to her.

Upon reaching the hotel where I had put up on my arrival, my host, a corpulent young gentleman, when I inquired after the residence of the authoress, suddenly turned his head and looked at me, smiling so doubtfully that I should scarcely have needed his assurance that she lived in absolute retirement from all the world, in the circle of her family.

"Hundreds have already, in spite of my assurances, attempted to visit her," he continued, "and have departed without gaining their object."

Now this did not indeed sound very encouraging; but confidence in my good fortune, and the proud prestige with which I was resolved, if all other expedients failed, to introduce myself—which was no less than that of a coeditor of the *Gartenlaube*—these facts gave me courage at least to make all possible endeavors.

Confidently I strode past the few houses of the town, and gained the open country. Before me was the beech and oak forest climbing the mountain; and passing gardens, and inviting, newly-erected houses, I soon found, enchantingly situated in the lap of the narrow valley, the house where the authoress of "Gold Elsie," "Old Mamselle's Secret," and "Countess Gisela," endures her obstinate rheumatic sufferings with the smile of true womanly resignation, and the calmness of a great soul that can forget the aching limbs in the unfettered flight of thought.

My host was right. Received by the brother of the authoress, in whose family she lived, with her venerable, gray-haired father, I was indeed at first obliged to hear how really impossible it was to obtain an interview with her, and only after I had delivered the whole charge of my persuasive power, and forcibly emphasized the special privilege of "editors," did I succeed in deciding the brother at least to inform his renowned sister of my ardent desire.

While he betook himself to her study for this purpose, I had sufficient leisure to survey the simply but very tastefully adorned parlor. Here hung in harmonious arrangement photographic likenesses of beloved persons, dear to the heart of the poetess. Here was a large picture executed in Mathaus's studio at Munich, of the deceased princess-regent of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, who, recognizing the many talents of the young girl, undertook in a truly princely manner her elementary education, and then, on account of her fine voice, trained her for the stage. The papers have already stated that a loss of hearing destroyed this expectation in the bud.

Opposite this photograph hung Miss Marlitt's own, and, as far as I could judge, well-executed portrait, painted by her father. Against the farther wall, under an excellent picture of Schiller, stood the grand-piano, to whose harmonies now and then, in the seclusion of the family circle, with her flaxen-haired nephews on either side, she sings the national songs she loves so much.

I was just enjoying from the open folding-doors of the parlor, into which a fresh, spicy breeze was streaming, the refreshing prospect of the garden, and the wooded mountains of Thuringia rising in the distance, when the door of the adjoining room was suddenly thrown open, and I found myself face to face with the inspired authoress of "Gold Elsie," who, seated in an arm-chair, greeted me with a graceful wave of the hand.

My gaze surveyed the elegant form of the poetess whose creative, gifted mind has painted a Gold Elsie, chiselled a Felicitas, and educated a Gisela. The slightly-bent head, set in a frame of dark ringlets, the merrily-laughing blue eye, the roguish expression that played about the corners of the mouth, made a most winning impression.

More cordially than is usually the case with a lady whom you meet for the first time, I shook the hand of the authoress who had so valiantly undertaken a conflict with gaudily-glaring hypocrisy, with the pitiable worthlessness of a heartless piety which boasts only in outward formality, and idle self-inflation, and with the long perished and condemned claims of a rank that opposes in vain the liberal demands of the present.

And yet over this whole figure was spread a deep, harmonious tranquillity, which was only disturbed when some remark caused her eye to sparkle with a sudden brightness. A very peculiar quiver—I could not distinguish whether it was roguishness, or an inward emotion—would then play about her mouth, which could merrily laugh if the conversation was upon merry subjects. Perhaps, in consequence of her loss of hearing, her eye is always in conversation sharply and questioningly riveted upon the speaker, and only when she has not at all or only half understood him, does she turn to her brother, who

then in a loud tone repeats the words of the stranger. An extremely versatile and refined accent, and an amiable and intelligent interest in all questions of art and literature, relieve a conversation with her wonderfully, and make it very agreeable and attractive.

I next expressed to her my deep-felt gratitude for the many enjoyable hours that her poetic creations had afforded me; and not me alone, for at that moment I felt myself called to speak for many hundreds of thousands of readers. With the maidenly modesty peculiar to her, the praise of which brought a blush to her cheeks, she accepted this ovation, while she roguishly sought to diminish its personality by alluding to the enthusiastic behavior of those honest men into whose faces the poetess had shone too dazzlingly. At the same time, as if mechanically, her left hand turned the leaves of an album lying to one side on a magnificent writing-table, in which she treasures the countless letters that from all the countries where the German tongue is spoken, bound in two beautifully-decorated covers, give eloquent expression, in a deeply-earnest and inspired manner, to feelings of gratitude, veneration, and love.

"Oh, yes!" said she, in the course of the conversation; "I do not deny that these pages have given, and will still give me, many an hour of pleasure, while they prove to me that my literary activity is not without a blessing. Do you not think," she continued, "that many a promising talent grows weary and languid, because the world for which it struggles and strives lets the creative soul sacrifice itself regardlessly? Not all have, alas! the good fortune to succeed in a universal recognition."

"Only few, too, have the good fortune to be really qualified," I took the liberty to reply; "and, if mediocre talents see their labors unsuccessful, they submit to the inexorable law to which all mediocrity must yield. For my part, I think that those really qualified always succeed."

Especially often in these letters of gratitude was the desire expressed to learn something more definite concerning an authoress who had taken by storm, as it were, the hearts of so many, and, when I showed how justifiable such a desire was, and how almost unconsciously the longing came upon one to hear what kind of a past life had enabled her to hoard up the rich treasures that were displayed in her works, she replied that, when it should become necessary, she would reserve an autobiography for her own pen in the future.

Passing to the oft-heard question, why she preferred to introduce herself under the *nom de plume* of "E. Marlitt," I learned that she had decided upon this in view of the deep-rooted, and in part not entirely unjustifiable prejudice against female writers, and her own distrust in the success of her talents. Inspired by the impulse to make herself useful to the world according to her powers, she had taken her pen in hand, but at the same time nothing lay farther from her thoughts than the desire to have her name known, or become celebrated. And yet what astonishing results! To have all the readers of the *Gartenlaube* as an audience, to see her romances sold again and again in an incredibly rapid succession of editions, and translated into almost all living languages—these are results that might exercise a dangerous influence upon the most unassuming. Yet Miss Marlitt rejoices in it, as a good person rejoices in the consciousness of a great and noble deed, which has in view the joy and delight of others.

I offered her congratulations commissioned to me on the part of a large circle of enthusiastic ladies, with assurances of veneration and attachment, and I should have been glad if the ladies could have seen with what heartfelt joy she could smile, and how her thoughtful blue eye sparkled with the reflection of inward satisfaction.

There is nothing more interesting than to cast a look into the spiritual study of a poet, from which the glittering gold of poetry emerges into the world in wonderfully-elaborated forms; to become acquainted with the peculiarities from which creations originated that have become the favorites of all circles. Thus she has her special hours of creative activity, when the sky is overcast, and the rain or snow beats against the windows. Then, thrown upon herself, as it were, that pleasing and inwardly warm frame of mind sets in, and with it an intense desire to create, which she must obey without resistance. Then her fancy roams over blooming meadows, her forms gain full and pulsating life, and the material she has in mind is powerfully developed. Only when her ideas are fully formed in her mind, even to particulars, and the characters hover before her in plastic completion, does she take her pen in hand; for it would be abso-

lutely impossible for her, after the manner and method of many others, to labor according to a written arrangement.

In like manner, her Muse loves to veil herself during the hours of creating in impenetrable secrecy and silence. The work of her pen is utterly inaccessible, even to the family so dear to her. No eye can look at even a line of her manuscript until it is ready for the press, if it would not provoke the certain death of the composition in the flames.

On the other hand, it is a joyous event in the house when, after long labor, the "reading-evening" comes, when, on the night before sending the manuscript to Leipsic, she reads to her brother and sister-in-law her new creation, with the tender, captivating voice, and the deeply-sensitive comprehension of the authoress.

Our conversation touched lightly and calmly upon the unsettled questions of the age and literature, for which she showed the warm interest of perfect penetration, and at the same time, with momentary excitement and increased vivacity, displayed a fulness of positive intelligence and experience, and a knowledge of humanity based on the keenest observation.

But far more highly must I estimate the moral power, the noble firmness, with which, in the face of the deep-rooted prejudice of privileged castes, she is determined, with all the means given by Heaven, as far as in her lies, unrelentingly to fight out the battle undertaken for spiritual freedom, humanity, and human worth. This is indeed the stand-point of a woman's mind that leaves the usual level far below it, and which is far removed from that unhappy, scientific superficiality with which the odious blue-stocking makes herself so boastful and unendurable.

The time of parting had now come, and, with the permission to knock again at her door next year, I took my leave, richer for my life by one bright, memorable hour, but richer, too, by experiencing of how much exaggeration the press is guilty in reference to her difficult hearing and rheumatic suffering. It is true that walking is very painful to her, but it is not true that the pen must be put into her hand.

In company with her brother, I wandered through the neat little town, that everywhere bears the stamp of active industry and intelligence. Above at the market-place, under the colonnade, I saw the house where Miss Marlitt first saw the light of day, at the moment when, on the balcony of the town-hall, the musicians of the place, in honor of the birthday of their most gracious prince, were warbling forth a festal song. Opposite, at the southern extremity of the market-place, stands the house which her fancy converted into Hellwig's house, the residence of the "old mamselle," that flowery, poetic tenement of a sensitive woman's soul.

Past a church void of all ostentation, and under an old tower, whose entrance is strangely called the "new gate," we ascended the old castle, and enjoyed, in the wondrous glow of evening, the keen mountain-air of Thuringia, to whose invigorating influence I willingly yielded. At our feet, in the midst of the vegetation, were spread the red roofs, while to the west, together with the remains of an old, ruined convent, lay the venerable Liebfrauen Church, enveloped in hoary tradition, with its magnificent towers and far-famed chime of bells, the scene of Miss Marlitt's first novel, "The Twelve Apostles."

The north end of the town extends into straight, monotonous lines of white gravestones. Here slumber her mother and sister, and at a not exactly determined place the beautiful mother of her Felicitas.

To the right, with the refreshing prospect of wooded heights flooded with the crimson sunlight of evening, lay the peaceful villa, in one cosy chamber of which, perhaps even now, the poetess is meditating upon a new poetic creation.

IN THE LONDON STREETS.

NOTHING is more curious to the traveller who thinks than the streets, and what is to be seen in them, of great foreign cities; and as London, in almost every respect, is the peculiar metropolitan wonder of the world, the streets of London present subjects of observation and study nowhere else to be found. Sir John Herschel was wont to say that "London is the centre of the terrene globe;" and our great Concord sage has supplemented the saying with a practical remark to the effect that "the shopkeeping nation, to use a shop-

word, has a good stand." London is the heart of this world's commerce, and ties every nation to it by threads running in the path of her thousand ships. "All things," says Emerson, "precious, or useful, or amusing, or intoxicating, are sucked into this commerce, and floated to London."

If you visit London, therefore, as the writer hereof is doing at this moment of writing, devote but a portion of your time to palaces, galleries, and minsters, and reserve the rest for simply lounging along the streets and through the by-ways, with your eyes wide open and your ears distent. Obey Sir Christopher Wren's admonition, on his tomb in the crypt of St. Paul's: "Look around you." A great Italian philosopher was wont to say that he derived all his wisdom from the proper use of his eyes. London is the epitome of the world, a museum of all human anatomies, a mirror for all the passions, a show-room for all the antiquities and splendors, a universal gala-ground and a perpetual mourning-house. It is not the rich who interest you in the London streets, but rather the poor, or the poorest. London is different from Paris in this, that, in London, poor and rich are well shaken up together, like—to use a homely likeness—a mixture of tobacco; while in Paris the poor are at one end and the rich at the other, like the men and women in a Quaker meeting. To be sure, the peculiarly poor quarter of London is the East End, out beyond the "City," and on toward the "Isle of Dogs," through the evil-famed City Road and the purloous of Finsbury. Yet they are scattered everywhere through the vast metropolis. The name of Westminster has a high, aristocratic sound, and sets one to thinking on the gorgeous drawing-rooms of Belgrave Square, the lofty towers of the Parliament Palace, and the hoary buttresses of the great Abbey. But there are slums in Westminster, within pistol-shot of the "Poet's Corner," and almost within voice-call of the Peers' Chamber, so wretched and squalid and desperate in degradation, wickedness, and vice, that the Five Points is a "happy family" in comparison, and even "Seven Dials" must be envious. Grosvenor Square, too, that staid old place, where the most ancient and haughty nobles live, is but a little way from Soho and Leicester Square, with their swarms of filthy humanity, mostly foreign. Regent Street is the very finest thoroughfare in Europe; nor Boulevard nor Rue de Rivoli equals it. Yet you can turn round a corner from this row of shop-palaces, dazling with crowded fashion and bewildering in jewels and gay colors, and find starvation, drunkenness, rags, nakedness, a nest of creatures who are the eternal foes of order and society. Covent Garden Theatre and Drury Lane Theatre, the aristocratic opera-house and the time-honored old temple of classical drama, are wedged in among a labyrinth of such dark, dreary, dangerous, thief-burdened, vice-ridden alleys and lanes, that he would be a bold man who ventured to return home alone and on foot from "Don Giovanni" or "The School for Scandal" at midnight. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, airy retreat of the embryo barristers, who have to eat so many dinners in those spacious halls before going circuit, is the very heart of a great "sink of iniquity" and squalidity, where, if you attempt hereabout to work your way from Holborn into the Strand, a dreariest panorama of misery, in a hundred varieties, will shift before your eyes, and where you are not quite safe, either, if you wear broadcloth; for fine clothes, to the denizens of these London slums, is what a red shawl is to a bull—it puts them in a frenzy, and stirs their rank envy, long fostered, to its depths. In the far-western end of the town, which you reach after travelling for miles, and where the newer aristocracy of wealth is constructing its lofty rows of brown-stone and laying out its beautiful gardens—in Bayswater, Brompton, and Notting Hill—you will find, close by the rich, the inevitable hanger-on, poverty. Such quarters as these have to be supplied with extra squads of police; and, in many quarters where the rich and the poor live parallel, the rich are fain to protect themselves by corps of private policemen, or watchmen, paid out of their own pockets.

The stranger in London must not, if he would see London, be too proud or too lazy. Lolling in cabs and hansom will never do. You might as well do all your jaunting in the Underground Railway at once, burrowing thus in the earth, and seeing the place mole-like. The second-best way to see London is from the top of an omnibus; what a panorama it is that you look down upon from aloft there, raised, like Carlyle's German philosopher in his garret-window, above the masses, and contemplating, looking below, the tides and whirlpools of various humanity! But the very best way is to foot it everywhere. "Views afoot" are, as Bayard Taylor, most scientific of

travellers, will tell you, the very best and most impressive, especially in the great cities. It is hardly a supposable case that one can get wearied walking the London streets. You are drawn on from one thing to another, from feelings of wonder and pleasure to feelings of astonishment and pain, until, before you are conscious of it, you have accomplished, in circles and zigzags, your ten or fifteen fully-measured miles. What you see is so different in some respects, so like in others, to what you have been accustomed! Tragedy and comedy and farce interlined, sandwiched, interdissolved. Dickens's descriptions are no longer exaggerations; it is wonderful, indeed, how at every step in London you see a well-known character, familiar from your childhood, which the master-touch of the great artist has made as real to you as are your uncle John or your cousin Jemima. Fagin, a thousandfold, haunts the London streets, with his thick tongue and staring, watery eyes, and his long, bungling jaw; Dickens himself, from that little corner-office in Wellington Street, where he sat editing *All the Year Round*, must have caught Fagin's outline from his window—there are plenty of them in that quarter. So you will not fail to see Sikes and Nancy, the "good Mrs. Brown," Uriah Heep, Jingle, and, the better sides of human nature, Cheerybles, Sam Wellers, Tootses, Swivellers, Little Nells, and Nicholas Nickleby. Just so, if you go through Pall Mall, famous street of clubs, you will surely see Major Pendennis ogling through the bay-windows, and Colonel Newcome on the sidewalk, and sleek clergymen, of Thackeray's limning, sliding along hither and thither. The people you see on the street have, with all their variety, one mark in common—they are clearly, undeniably, vividly British, every one. There is something hardy and muscular, even among the beggars. They are every one true children of the damp and chilly cliff-bound isle, parent of strength and endurance and self-assertion. That appearance of physical weakness and mental superficiality which is observed on the Continent is wholly absent here; the people, *en masse*, are ruddy, compact, and earnest.

Here, in the London streets, you see collected not only the commerce of all nations, rich merchants, scholars, and speculators of every clime and race, but also the poor and degraded of every country. I have seen Syrian philosophers and Egyptian antiquaries in the reading-room of the British Museum, and Greek beggars and Italian mongers in the murky alleys of the East End. A wonderful place, too, is Leicester Square and its environs. It is essentially the quarter of the lower class of Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, who have, for one reason and another, drifted into the English capital. You go along Piccadilly, and the faces, male and female, are all clearly and undeniably English—mostly ruddy, hardy, independent, "incurious," as Emerson says; pass across the street into Leicester Square, and the human physiognomy changes as in a dissolving-view. The faces are all dark; black eyes instead of blue; yellow cheeks instead of red; bony figures instead of solid ones; instead of side-whiskers, jet-black mustaches and imperials; instead of a straightforward walk, a sliding gait. Men and women seem to have grown smaller, more insignificant, more demonstrative. Here you see the Oriental pinnacles of the great "Alhambra," which is the most un-English of possible halls of pleasure—simply a Paris *café chantant* and ballet put under a roof and set down in London. Here, too, foreign signs greet your eyes: "Hôtel de Normandie," "Hôtel de la France," "Albergo di Firenze," "Gasthof zum Frankfort." You are in the region of *cafés* and French restaurants, of *pâtis de fois gras* and *vol-au-vent financier*. The squalor of this Soho district is something shocking; it seems even worse that it has not the excuse of extreme poverty. The people, houses, lanes, are filthy. It is a whole community of folk out-at-elbow. It is the elysium of lazy, loafing foreigners.

Going hither and thither through the London streets, you are struck very much by the singularity of many of their names, which remind you of English history, and give you many a hint of London as it was in the days of old. A very large proportion of the streets are named from noblemen who own the houses and squares in the neighborhood. There is a large district in the central quarter, where every street and square is named after some title or the surname of the Russells, Dukes of Bedford. There is Russell Square, Bedford Square, Great Russell Street, Tavistock Square, Southampton Row—all named after this family. The Duke of Bedford owns, or did own, the whole district. There are three parallel streets near Temple Bar, called respectively George, Villiers, and Buckingham

Streets; named, all three, after George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Besides this class of nomenclature, there is a still more curious class of street-names. The Strand was formerly really the *strand* of the Thames—the river has receded and narrowed. Fleet Street was so called because formerly a little stream called the Fleet ran across it. Such names as Cornhill, Leadenhall, Cheapside, the Poultry, Leather Lane, Shoe Lane, in that part of London called the "City," explain themselves, being indications of the localities in which each particular trade was carried on of yore. Equally suggestive are such names as Paternoster Row, Ave Marie Lane, Newgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate.

Of the historical memories of the London streets, I only propose to speak very briefly; for they are so numerous, romantic, and various, that they could only be included in a detailed history of nearly every thoroughfare in the metropolis. Some streets there are so redolent of these memories that the readers of Clarendon, Pepys, Addison, and Boswell, find a keen pleasure in merely walking down them. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street;" and, not only is the man to be pitied who can walk down Fleet Street without a feeling of exhilaration—so infecting is the bustle of humanity there—but no reader of Boswell will neglect, in passing down Fleet Street, to turn aside into a little court on the left—Bolt Court—and see the house where Johnson died; and again, on the right, where, down a narrow passage, he comes upon famous "Mitre Tavern," where Johnson revelled, with his boon companions, Burke and Goldsmith. The whole quarter of St. James's, on either side of St. James Street, Pall Mall, and Lower Piccadilly, teems with memories of the days of Queen Anne and James II.; for here were White's and Brooks's, Marlborough House and the Kit-Cat, the special haunts of Bolingbroke and Harley, of Addison, Steele, Prior, and Pope. Then in the far east is Eastcheap, where Prince Hal roistered with Falstaff and the rest; now a narrow, straggling, crowded thoroughfare, condemned to Jews, oil, and East-India goods. About St. Paul's you will find the dingy lanes and streets celebrated by the pranks of Rochester and the fops of the Restoration, no less than by the Rye House plotters and the joke-cracking wits of whom John Wilkes was at once the terror and the idol.

The every-day characters of the London streets are no less interesting than their architecture, nomenclature, and traditions. In no city are the petty street-trades more suggestive of the devices to which human wit is driven to keep breath in the body. Ragpickers, bone-gatherers, street-sweepers, beggars with every imaginable grievance and moving cause of beggary; vendors of every sort of ware, from roast-potatoes and salt at a penny to the last patent Yankee lock, or knife-sharpener; wonder-workers on a small scale; humble folk of every nation, from Chinamen rolling gewgaws from Hong-Kong to ex-slaves singing what are supposed to be plantation ditties; dwarfs who might have been moulded by the Comprachicos, and Indians with a suspiciously-strong Down-East nasal twang; sellers of oranges, bananas, apples, nuts, drawing their handcars along, and bawling their wares, in every key of voice proper and falsetto; negro minstrels twanging discordantly on the sidewalks, to the delight of troops of small boys who stop up the passage—these are but a few of the figures in that great and ever-moving human panorama which you may see any morning as you pass eastward through Oxford Street and High Holborn toward Cheapside and the Poultry. One trait seems to me a very noticeable one among all these poor of London, ennobling them and dignifying their poverty; it is their readiness to help each other. Not long ago I was walking along Cheapside, a street where the rich and the poor huddle more closely together, perhaps, than in any other street of London. A poor, shattered, half-starved negro, shoeless and hatless, his arms out-at-elbow, his clothes thin and rent in many places, was shivering and chattering on the corner—for it was a bleak spring morning—and trying, with little success, to sell a few dirty boxes of "Vesuvian" matches. A street-gamin, as ragged as he, came bustling along, singing to sustain his spirits, and moving briskly to keep up the circulation. The boy had a great, thick slice of bread in his hand, which he munched as he went. Espying the negro—a negro being quite a curiosity in London—he stopped, mouth and eyes agape, to contemplate him. The poor darkey looked wistfully at the bread; the boy saw it, and, after taking one last bite, walked boldly up and held it out to the poor creature. The negro took it, and bit it ravenously; the boy skipped off to a little distance, stopped again, gazed at the negro, and commenced rummaging in his

tattered pocket; then, going up to him again, he held out his hand with a lump of something in it, and said: "Ere's a piece of cheese—will you 'ave it?" The offer accepted, the gamin skipped off on his way, singing lustily, though mayhap 'twas all his breakfast, and he now only fed on the happiness of having done a good deed. The same day, on Holborn, I saw an orange-boy leave his cart, piled high with fruit, on the sidewalk, and guide a decrepit, shabby old woman of eighty or more across the street, among the vehicles, leaving his wares exposed to a crowd of urchins; when he had safely conveyed her over, he shook her hand, waved her an adieu, and returned again to his post of duty. Such scenes are far from rare in the London streets; a general spirit of mutual helping seems to prevail. The street-sweepers have a code of honor which forbids one from ever encroaching on the domain of others; the very London thieves carefully refrain from beating the preserves which they consider to belong to a rival gang. One who walks and observes in the London streets is apt to say to himself that the British boast of a love of fair play is not a wholly vain one; there seems to be an inkling, a hazy sentiment of justice in the lowest and most abandoned. Sometimes this spirit of justice, too, manifests itself rather bluntly and roughly, which is quite British, too; as in the case of a policeman who, in defiance of law and order, promptly knocked a man down whom he saw beating his wife. The vulgar crowd is almost always found espousing the right side after all, and takes part against a cheat, a brutal husband, or a hypocrite, although there may be but little leaven of better stuff among themselves.

If, on a pleasant spring afternoon, you saunter down Parliament Street and Whitehall, the street presents a most interesting scene; for my lords and "honorable gentlemen" are hastening by in coaches and cabs and on foot to their parliamentary labors. The sidewalks are crowded with rich and poor; you jostle barons of the Norman sea and beggars and descendants of beggars; you catch up with prime-ministers, and in the same moment you shudder at ghastly women who ply here a brazen trade. Peeresses whirl by, lolling in gilded and escutcheoned chariots; lawyers are here and there, in wig and gown; ushers in scarlet, and footmen in plush, give a touch of vivid color to the scene. Here are types of English character such as perhaps no other time and place afford; English in stout wealth and pride, and in no less pertinacious, almost sturdy, self-asserting poverty. I have but slightly sketched a glimpse, here and there, of the London streets; to attempt more were to enter on octavos, if not folios.

OLD SONGS.

IN reading over the songs that were sung by our English grandfathers, we naturally divide them into three classes: the ballad, the convivial, and the madrigal. The first still remains with us, occupying about the same position as of yore; the second class has almost succumbed to the latter-day temperance movement, only the most incorrigible daring to indulge in any thing Anacreontic; while the third, often very silly, has given way to those mournful ditties which inform us of the precise spot in which the remains of the angelic Lilly Dale do rest, or impart to us the anxiety of some young man regarding his "mother now." As now, so in our grandfathers' time, a lively, pretty air would cover a multitude of sins in the poetry it accompanied; and, if the notes were but free and jingling, a country boor would not mind confessing—in language there was not a possibility of his understanding—the terrible effects the glances of the beautiful Daphne had produced upon his too susceptible heart. Especially in the amative songs was the language apt to be execrably flowery: where to-day we are satisfied with singing the praises of plain Nelly Grey or Kitty Clyde, then nothing would satisfy short of Chloe, Cynthia, or Phillis, which seem to have been the favorites, while at times their Pegasus would reach a Musidora, Sparabella, Blandusia, or Manxelinda. We can easily believe that any young lady who had survived such a name as either of these must have been above the common, and worthy of all tribute. Another feature that marred many of the songs of the past, otherwise gems, was a coarseness often reaching the obscene, and which we might expect of an age in which "Tom Jones" and "Roderick Random" were the most popular of novels. First in favor among the ballads was "Chevy Chase," and any person who has heard it sung by a fine, manly voice, must admit its popularity

was not undeserved. "Margaret's Ghost" was another. This tells us, in the short space of seventeen verses, how the ghost of the deserted Margaret visited the faithless William in the dead of night, and chided him for his cruel treatment, and how William, the next morning, stung by remorse, stretched himself on Margaret's grave:

"And thrice he called on Marg'ret's Name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
And word spake never more."

It is in this ballad the words occur—

"And Clay-cold was her Lilly-Hand,
That held her sable Shroud."

This I believe to be the only case on record where a ghost has been known to appear in a sable shroud, and which collides with all our preconceived notions of ghostly raiment.

Among the convivial songs yet sung, is the one commencing—

"With an honest old Friend, and a merry old Song,
And a Flask of old Port let me sit the Night long."

Another favorite tells us that Diogenes, Heraclitus, Democritus, Copernicus, Aristotle, and Plato, owed all their merits to generous wine. Tobacco was not neglected by any means, and one moralist wrote, while many sung—

"Tobacco's but an Indian weed,
Grows green at Noon, cut down at Eve;
It shows our Decay, we are but Clay,
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco"—

and so on in four more verses it moralizes from the weed and pipe on the frailty of man's life, and his unavoidable destiny. Knowing the regard our grandfathers held toward their stomachs, we shall not be surprised to find a laudation to "The Roast Beef of Old England," which credits this nutritious article of diet with all the courage and robustness of their ancestors, at the same time mourning over the degeneracy of the then existing race, which it charges to French ragout-eating. This same song also informs us that—

"When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne,
Ere Coffee, and Tea, and such Slip-slops were known;
The World was in Terror if e'er she did frown—
Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!"

which shows a terrible state of affairs, and should cause that unimportant part of the world lying outside of the United Kingdom to be very thankful for the advent of "slip-slops," which relieved them from these periodical attacks of cold terror.

Then, as now, love formed the great theme of the poet's song, and we are forced to the conclusion that, however unfortunate these poets may have been in other respects, they were each and every one of them especially favored in possessing the handsomest of the female sex to love and cherish, and further, that "handsomest young ladies" were as numerous then as "handsomest babies" are now. What is there in the soft passion that allies it so to poetry? Men who never attempted any thing of the kind, either before or after, have been guilty of metrifying the charms of their first love. Fortunately, a large proportion of such poetry is cast into the stove when their "hearts' treasure" first proves fickle, followed by old bouquets, hair-pins, and other mementos they have surreptitiously become possessed of. Still sufficient remains to prevent our complaining of any scarcity. How many pair of lips have been compared to cherries, or sets of teeth to strings of pearls; how many eyes have been called heavenly blue, and how many heads of red hair have been entered as golden tresses? One ancient lover, who seems to have been in a very bad way, sings:

"Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone,
I sigh, and think myself undone;
But when the lovely Nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear."

Further on, after dying with grief when she leaves him, he revives at her return, while, all in the same space of time, he smiles, freezes, pants, and burns. Another unfortunate exclaims:

"Enchanted by your Voice and Face,
In pleasing Dreams I fainting lie;
I bleed, fair Nymph, I bleed, apace,
And, oh! I languish! oh! I die!"

According to another authority, if he bleed long enough he will probably recover, for he tells us—

"Love's a Distemper that comes with high Feeding,
And is our'd, like a Fever, by Emptying and Bleeding."

Treatment has changed since then, and we now treat both love and fevers by whiskey-punch and brandy-straight.

The following dainty dish, prepared for the bright Selinda, contains considerable salt as well as a most generous amount of sugar:

"As near a fountain's flowery side
The bright Selinda lay,
Her Looks increas'd the Summer's Pride,
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

"The Roses blush'd with deeper red,
To see themselves outdone;
The Lillies shrunk into their Beds,
To find this fairer one."

A bee—

"Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her rosy Lips he found,
Where he in Transports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground."

Which bee, we are assured, is envied by kings, who would gladly leave their royal state to enjoy such a death.

These poetical offerings to their affinities, if they had affinities in those days, usually ceased immediately upon marriage, those offered afterward being as a rule not flattering. Thus:

"Once in our Lives, let us drink to our Wives,
Tho' their numbers be but small;
Heaven take the best, and the Devil take the rest,
And so we shall get rid of them all."

Another, after reminding the gods how thankful he had been when they gave him a wife to be the comfort of his life, continues:

"But if your Providence divine
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey your Will at any Time
I am ready to resign her."

Here is a little feminine strategy, not yet obsolete, according to the best judges. After stating that young damsels, like archers and fiddlers, should have two strings to their bow in the shape of two lovers, she sings:

"One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and set by,
And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry."

Here is the girl of the past period, and the description proves that our grandmothers were very like our sisters indeed:

"Belinda's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form
Does my happy Fancy charm;
Her Prittle-prattle, Tittle-tattle's all engaging,
Her prinking, nimping, trinking, pinking's all transporting,
How like an Angel she pouting lies!"

We hope this contains more poetry than truth.

Forming an important feature in the comic songs of to-day, are the negro, Irish, and Yankee melodies. Of the first and last of these our grandfathers were entirely wanting, while they had but few of the second in comparison with ourselves. In looking over the songs of the past we are quickly struck with this absence, and it leaves the impression on the mind of a scarcity of comic songs, which is really the case. Several of their comic songs possessed sufficient merit in either music or words, or both, to have lived, and are quite generally known and sung at the present day. "Sally in our Alley," "Happy Dick," with a whole family of "Derry Downs," are among these, not to forget side-splitting "Lillibulero."

They were not altogether wanting in dialectic songs, the most admired of which were the Scotch and Welsh. A quite favorite Scotch comic song, to those with sufficient lingualistic powers to master it, was "Let us a' to the Bridal," which describes the great goings on at the wedding of Jockie to Maggie, a list of the company present, and the bill of fare of the feast. Let us first glance at the goodies:

"And there will be Fudges and Brachen,
With furth of good Cabbocks of Skate,
Powsowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdye,
And caller howt-feet in a Plate;
And there will be Partans and Buckies,
And Whytens and Spoldings enew,
With shined Sheeps-heads and a Haggies,
And Seadlips to sup till you spew."

These are a few only of the wonderful dishes that were prepared, but when we consider the company that was to be present we lose all fear of the dishes not being eaten and properly digested. For among the guests the four following came in company, and form a good representation of the entire party:

"And there will be Juden Macklawrie,
And blinken daft Barbara Mackleg,
Wi' flae-lugged, sharney-fae'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mon'd halucket Meg."

Welsh-English is almost irresistibly funny. As a specimen we furnish a verse or two of that most famous song "Of noble race was Shinken."

"Of noble race was Shinken,
Of the line of Owen Tudor,
But hur renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursu'd hur."

Here is what "hur" was before "cruel love pursu'd hur:"

"Hur was the prettiest fellow
At foot-ball or at cricket,
At hunting, chace, or prison-base,
Cotaplut how hur could kick it!"

But after being wounded beyond all cure by the fatal darts shooting from Winny's eyes:

"Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes
Hur herrings and hur leaks too."

and—

"If love's sore smart one week more,
Adieu cream-cheese and Flummery."

It is almost needless to add that the last thing a Welshman gives up, previously to giving up the ghost, is flummery.

CAPTIVE SUNBEAMS.

THERE is probably in the whole volume of Holy Writ nothing more truly humbling to the pride of the human heart than the words, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun." For even the haughtiest *savant* and the most enthusiastic inventor must admit that all the vaunted discoveries of our age are but more or less successful to recover what has once been possessed by man, but lost by his ignorance or his misfortunes. It was the boast of an eloquent writer that the poorest Englishman enjoyed in his cottage a luxury which the great Cæsar had not in his gorgeous palace—the precious panes of glass in his window. Now we find in Pompeii glass in abundance and of a quality in no way inferior to our own! There is no comfort we enjoy and no luxury in which we indulge, which was not known to Assyrian voluptuaries, as there is no invention, the boast of our ages, which had not been discovered, in its first germ at least, by the Chinese.

It becomes us, therefore, to be careful when we lay claim to an undoubted addition to our knowledge or our power. The telegraph surely looks like an entirely new thing, and we stand fairly aghast at this moment at the news that a company has actually been formed to lay a cable in the Pacific Ocean, and, by connecting California with Japan and China, to complete the magnetic current which man's hand will then send around the globe to carry his behests wheresoever he chooses. But did not Shakespeare's Puck, perhaps unconsciously, foretell the marvellous achievement when he merrily boasted, "I will put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes?" A like quaint foreshadowing of a quite recent invention we find in the fabulous archives of the good people of Abdera. They had built for themselves a splendid council-house and forgotten only a small matter—the windows. But they made ample amends for this little blunder by the ingenuity with which they remedied the evil: they sent out men on the public square to catch the rays of the sun in bags, and then, opening the latter inside their halls, illumined their council-room as fully as they desired!

We laugh at the apparent nonsense. But what was it that the great French *savant*, Saussure, did? He placed boxes of common pine-wood, with a top consisting of a single sheet of glass, into the sunlight, and soon saw, to his great satisfaction, that he could thus

collect within the box, not exactly light, but, what was more to the purpose, heat to a considerable degree. He could easily raise the temperature of his miniature hot-houses to ninety-five, to one hundred and ten, and, by taking extraordinary precautions, even to one hundred and sixty degrees. The phenomenon, then beyond the reach of science, is now easily explained. Everybody knows that the solar spectra contain three different varieties of rays, of which some bear light, others heat, and still others have certain chemical powers, and that each kind of rays acts differently when forced to pass through transparent substances. Some pass easily through one, two, and even three thicknesses of glass, while others, having successfully passed through one, are stopped by the second or third. Thus it happened that certain rays among those which Saussure had imprisoned in his boxes could not pass back through the glass cover and radiate outward; they were literally captured sunbeams.

Now this was by no means the first time that efforts had been made to capture sunbeams. Salomon de Caus, a man of wonderful knowledge and great inventive power, had long ago devised a pump which was to be driven by the rays of the sun, but, while the drawings were found in his papers after his death, the description of its detailed working was never discovered. In the eighteenth century, also, the same idea was eagerly pursued by men of science, but on paths which put all practical use out of question. Their desire was almost exclusively to concentrate the rays of the sun by mirrors and lenses in such a manner as to obtain the greatest possible heat. It was, in fact, then also not a new aim they pursued, but only an effort to rediscover the famous mirrors of Archimedes, by which he hoped to burn a hostile fleet. Enormous lenses were specially manufactured for the purpose, and Buffon finally succeeded in burning a pitched plank at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The result was extremely curious, and excited the deepest interest in courtiers and men of science, but it led to no practical usefulness.

In our days, however, new efforts have been made to utilize the rays of the sun for various purposes. Our own great Ericsson spent many years of his active, useful life in examining this important question by the light of his extensive knowledge and long experience. It is not likely that the man who has rendered his name illustrious by all he has done for applied mechanics, industry, and the art of war, should have become a visionary and indulged in groundless hopes. Yet, he announced in a letter to a friend in Sweden his discovery of a certain method by which the rays of the sun could be directly and profitably employed as a motive power. There can be no doubt, even with our as yet imperfect knowledge of this problem, that engines set in motion by hot air, or by chemical compounds like ammonia or ether, may be readily constructed so as to receive their heat directly from the sun.

A Frenchman, A. Mouchot, has made this subject the aim of his studies for many years, and announced to the world not long ago his perfect success in "setting captive sunbeams to work," as he quaintly called it. His apparatus is of the simplest, and in certain details copied from that so successfully employed by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope. It consists mainly of an air-tight vessel covered with glass, and a cylindrical mirror of metal, which serves as a powerful reflector. Employing no other heat but that which he receives from the sun, costing nothing, and involving no possible danger, he manages with the greatest ease to boil soup, to distil wine, and even to roast meat. Like all practical inventions, however, this use of captive sunbeams also has at the very beginning met with practical difficulties. One of smaller importance is the bad taste which this remarkable heat seems to give to eatables; it appears that certain chemical rays of the solar spectra have this disagreeable habit, and hence the simple addition of a layer of red glass, which intercepts them and prevents them from reaching the provisions to be cooked, prevents the inconvenience. The other obstacle lies in the scarcity of the supply in northern regions, where the sunbeams are not so abundant; hence the invention must needs be confined in its usefulness to southern lands, where, fortunately, the sun is liberal with its heat in precise proportion as the earth is niggardly in supplying fuel. It must be added that the sanguine inventor expresses his confident hope that ere long he will be able literally to copy the good Abderites, and to lay in a supply of captive sunbeams to be used on cloudy days, and to be carried to less favored regions!

The main usefulness of such an invention must, however, be looked for in the various branches of industry which require large motive power.

Wherever large quantities of liquids are to be evaporated, as in salines, distilleries, and sugar-refineries, the application of solar heat in large proportions would in itself be of the very highest importance. The most difficult problem, however, remains yet unsolved: how to obtain from the heat of the solar rays an actual motive power to perform the work now rendered by ordinary steam-engines. M. Mouchot has not yet succeeded in constructing an apparatus which can store away the immense caloric wealth sent us by the sun, so as to transform it into actual power. He has, however, established beyond doubt, that this is theoretically possible, and all that remains to be done is to make it practicable. Even in this direction something has already been accomplished, for the inventor has actually built a pump which is set in motion by the heat of the sun. He proposes to adapt it to the wants of Eastern lands, and if he succeeds, as there seems to be every reason to hope, it will be a beautiful and striking illustration of poetical justice, to see the same sun which burns and scorches those arid regions, compelled by the ingenuity of man to water them anew and change them into fertile fields and smiling gardens.

M. MOREAU DE JONNES.

M. MOREAU DE JONNÈS, the celebrated statistician, member of the French Institute, and other learned societies, died recently, at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

In his youth he took an active part in the wars and political troubles of the first republic and consulate, having voluntarily assumed the duties of a national guard when only fifteen years old, and afterward having served his country by land and sea as a naval and infantry officer, during those stirring times when the shocks of navies and armies were of such common occurrence.

After enduring a five-years' captivity in Great Britain, he received, in acknowledgment of his services, the title of "Chef d'Escadron d'état-major," the crowning point of his military career, which, like so many others, ended with the empire.

The principal events in which he participated are brilliantly narrated by him in his highly-interesting work, entitled "Adventures during the Wars of the Republic and the Consulate."

After the restoration of the Bourbons, the second period of M. Moreau de Jonnès's life presents a complete and striking contrast with the first, his youth having been spent in the tumult and excitement of wars, and his riper manhood and old age in literary efforts and scientific pursuits.

In 1819, he was selected by the government to superintend the publication of the "General Statistics of France," which established his reputation as a social and political economist.

His principal works are distinguished for breadth of views, elevation of sentiment, clearness of insight, and elegance of style, and may be summed up as follows:

"Statistical and Economical Researches upon the Pasture-Land of the Different Countries in Europe;" "Physical History of the French West Indies;" "Investigations into the Changes produced in the Physical State of Countries, by the Destruction of Woods and Forests;" "The Commerce of the Nineteenth Century, its Actual State, the Causes and Effects of its Rise and Decay, the Means of increasing and consolidating the Agricultural, Industrial, Colonial, and Commercial Prosperity of France" (a work in two volumes, crowned by the Academy of Marseilles); "Statistics of Spain, Territory, Population, Industry, Commerce, Navigation, Colonies, and Finances;" "Statistics of Great Britain and Ireland" (in two volumes, also crowned by the Academy of Marseilles); "Statistical Researches on Colonial Slavery, and the Best Means of suppressing it;" "Elements of Statistics, including the General Principles of this Science, and an Historical Account of its Progress;" "Statistics of Agriculture in France, containing a Summary of the Figures contained in the Four Large Volumes of the 'General Statistics of France,' with the Comparison of Actual Production with that of the Ancients, and leading Countries in Europe;" "Statistics of the Nations of Antiquity, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and Gauls" (in two volumes, treating upon the social, civil, and domestic economy of those peoples; territory, population, origin, races, castes, and classes, agriculture, industry, consumption, public wealth, and military power); "Economic and Social State of France, from Henri IV. to Louis XIV."

TABLE-TALK.

A FEW weeks since the Governor of this State was urged to interpose his clemency in behalf of a murderer condemned to death, the application having been made on the ground that the crime had been committed in consequence of certain provocations. A short time ago, in a trial for murder which attracted great attention, the accused was acquitted mainly in consequence of the wrongs he was supposed to have suffered at the hands of his victim. Following this trial another occurred, in which the prisoner was found guilty of murder, but was urgently recommended to mercy because of the domestic troubles that incited to the crime. All these cases indicated the prevalence of an idea that killing for cause is no murder. As murder rarely occurs without some kind of provocation—killing for the purpose of robbery bearing but a small proportion to the aggregate of murders committed—this sentiment, if accepted as conclusive, will in time grant a general immunity to everybody to kill or make away with his enemies at his pleasure. To say that one may take the life of the man who provokes him, is simply to take murder out of the catalogue of crimes. The burglar or highwayman who kills in the pursuit of his profession may, by this sentiment, be held amenable to society; but all other forms of killing are pronounced justifiable in the eyes of the law and of the public; and our civilization, returning to the sources whence it emanated, restores to each individual the right, once withdrawn from him, of becoming his own judge and his own executioner in the disputes that arise between him and his fellow-men. To say that a man may kill for any cause, excepting in self-defence, and then only when the danger is real and imminent, is to confess the machinery of government utterly inadequate for its purpose, and to invite a new social chaos. One of the earliest functions of government, and one of the necessities for its existence, was to adjudicate between contestants. It created courts and judges for this purpose. It required the aggrieved to carry their grievances before the proper tribunal, which, adjudging whether the injury was real, also imposed the penalty which the wrong-doer was to suffer. It may seem absurd to state these purely primary principles, but we find in many minds a strange confusion on this subject that clearly arises from a forgetfulness of these principles, simple and primary as they are. It ought to be clearly, definitely, forcibly realized, that no man can take the law into his own hand, and, if he does so, nothing but that sort of provocation that arises from personal danger should excuse him. There can be no social order, no security, no law, no civilization, unless this principle is well understood and rigidly carried out. Judges ought absolutely to exclude evidence tending to show provocation in the case of murder, and juries should enforce by their verdicts the sentiment that there can be no palliation for killing, excepting the single one of immediate personal danger. And the fact of habitually carrying concealed firearms or other weapons ought to enhance

and even render certain the guilt of a prisoner. To carry fire-arms, or other dangerous weapons, is of itself a crime; it proves murderous thoughts and intentions; it shows a latent disposition to slay if an occasion arise, and it is not, except in rare cases, justified by personal danger. A man who carries a pistol among men without pistols is not merely a coward—he is every unarmed man's enemy, and he ought to be driven out of the society he outrages. No jury should show a moment's tenderness toward a man accustomed to go armed. However sudden or unpremeditated may be the murder he is under trial for, the fact of the weapon ought to exclude every claim for mercy. In no community, so advanced as ours in civilization, are the pistol and the knife so freely used, and, until a rigid public sentiment puts the practice down, the epidemic of murder that now rages through the country will continue. We should like the fact of a man drawing a weapon to so justly excite the indignation of by-standers that no man dare do so with safety. If there must be lawlessness, let it be that sort of lawlessness that will extinguish the defiant spirit of the murderer. Either let us all wear weapons openly, as in old times, or let the coward who conceals one be treated as a premeditating murderer, to whom there is due neither clemency nor toleration. If the law cannot reach such a man, he ought to be stoned out of the community he defies and endangers.

— We ordinarily recognize and acknowledge the cumulative character of the things we enjoy, possess, and administer. We see how our civilization is the product of many successive ages; we are prone to congratulate ourselves that we live in a mature period of the world's history, wherein a vast primitive experience gives us a superb fruition in the circumstances of our being; we understand how much better we are fed, housed, clothed, transported from place to place, as a consequence of all that has gone before—we understand all these things, but do we realize how much in art, how much in intelligence, how much in literature, we are enjoying a cumulation of a vast previous struggle, labor, and experience? Take, for instance, the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and Charles Reade. We enjoy them with an almost unqualified zest. We admire with enthusiasm the genius of the men who produced them. But do we realize how many other minds, what an immense anterior observation and experience, have gone into the tissue of these books? Do we perceive that they are not merely the products of these writers, but the flower of a culture rooted down in long by-gone ages? Supposing there had been no books anterior to the appearance of these writers—what sort of infantine, feeble, tentative tales even the genius of Dickens would have given us? He might have been a wandering minstrel, a troubadour, a Boccaccio—for the power of story-telling would have been in him, and in some sort of fashion would have showed itself. But the art that elaborated "David Copperfield," and "Dombey and Son," could not have existed except as a cumulation of a large by-gone experience. Story-writing had to be first conceived, to make its primitive and rude experiments, to

develop through successive minds and different periods, to differentiate from the simple to the complex, to expand, to enlarge, to gather as it progressed the genius of successive methods, before it could mature into those splendid productions. There is in these two books the whole life of story-writing, from Boccaccio, through Cervantes, Le Sage, Mrs. Behn, Fielding, and Scott. Had the schools, of which these writers are representatives, never existed, the writings of Charles Dickens would exhibit a much earlier literary strata, so to speak, than they do now. As an instance of what we mean, let the reader compare Fielding's novels with those of Dickens, or with those of any other writer of the period. Great as Fielding's genius was, he had not conceived the *dramatic* form of the novel. He only gives us narratives. Since his day the art has notably developed—developed greatly under the genius of Dickens—but it would be contrary to all human experience, all history, for us to assume that the genius of a Dickens would of itself have been sufficient to conceive and mature an art. Dickens made his contribution to the art of story-writing; Thackeray made his; Reade, and Collins, and George Eliot, have made theirs; and as all things must have a full and complete maturity, it is not unsafe to say that the art of novel-writing has in all probability fully culminated. But what development it has exhibited from the old Italian tale, a brief narrative with two or three characters, to the elaborate drama of "Bleak House," or "My Novel!" What cumulation of experience, of method, of plan, of comprehension! We must understand, when we look at a Bulwer, or a Thackeray, or a Dickens, that we see the focus of innumerable converging forces—that the novel is not the product of one genius or of one era, but the concentration of centuries. Dickens, the novelist, was not fifty-seven years old when he died—his birth should be dated from the time of the Italian novel, say five hundred years ago. Even this estimate excludes a vast era which must have, more or less, contributed to the ripe development of such a mind. Christianity must have had its effects upon it. Roman and Grecian history must have influenced it. The Old Testament story must have been full of suggestions for it. After all, we date its birth too recently. A genius like that of Dickens is the ripe fruit of time—its birth was back thousands of years ago, in the beginning of all things.

— If the French and Prussian armies, now engaged in mutual slaughter, should suddenly make up their minds that it is too late in the world's history for this bloody work, and, by a common consent and mutual impulse, cast their needle-guns, their chassépot, their mitrailleuses, their cannon, their cartridges, their banners, their implements and means of destruction of all sorts, into the Rhine, it would be a new and sensational page in the world's history, such as would delight mankind for all time to come. Here are nearly a million of men, having no necessary enmity, assembling at the command of a few ambitious and restless princes, and obeying in a blind, brute way, their behests for destruction. What if the two armies should begin to

think! What if they should get an unexpected insight as to the real facts of their position! What if, after strewing the bed of the Rhine with their warlike implements, they should seize upon Napoleon and all his generals, and Bismarck and all his officers, and, thrusting them all into the nearest ship at hand, send them to the Sandwich Islands, or any other remote place, with directions to them to fight out their quarrel to their satisfaction in whatever way they chose; and, having accomplished this unheard-of and truly virtuous act, should summon lasses and lagers, should bid trumpet and fife sound gayly to airs of peace and festivity, and the mighty hosts in fraternal embraces, with dance and cheer, end the war at once (and by their example all wars forever)! What, if such a thing as this should come to pass? An absurd dream, of course. But, as we hear a good deal about the power of the people, the rising of the down-trodden masses, the dawn of an enfranchised world, one would like to see a few of these notions put effectually in force in a way, and at a time, when they would redound so much to the safety and the well-being of the nations.

Scientific Notes.

THE experiments at Liège with bronze guns are being watched by the representatives of European governments with great interest. Artillery officers from Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Holland, Sweden, and Italy, have been deputed by their respective governments to witness and report upon these trials. The circumstance that nearly all the European governments should have deemed these trials of bronze guns of sufficient importance to warrant the official attention of artillery officers is indicative of the general feeling with regard to the future of field artillery. There exists, without doubt, at present, a very wide-spread feeling in favor of bronze field guns; and if the softness of the metal, which has hitherto proved one of the chief obstacles—although not an insurmountable one—to its successful employment for rifled guns, can be readily overcome, the fate of steel and iron as a material for field guns will be sealed. The bronze now under trial differs from ordinary bronze only in being alloyed with a very small percentage of phosphorus, and in being cast in chill moulds. Phosphoric bronze is no new thing, and it has been used practically and experimentally in England for some years. But its potential value as a material for field guns was lost sight of in the general adoption of iron and steel pieces; and the revival of the subject is due to Messrs. Montefiori-Levi and Kunsel, nickel manufacturers of Val Benoit, near Liège. We should be doing an injustice to those gentlemen if we did not give them credit for more than the mere resuscitation of an old idea. To them is also undoubtedly due the credit of having, by a series of extensive and elaborate experiments, established the superior strength, homogeneity, elasticity, and hardness of the phosphoric bronze. But many a metal which has promised fair has failed under the exceptional action of fired gunpowder; and, until the Liège experiments are concluded, no opinion can be expressed as to the suitability of phosphoric bronze for gun-making.

On the 24th of June, the monument raised

to the memory of the illustrious Kepler, was inaugurated at Weidliedstadt, the birthplace of the famous astronomer, a small town in Würtemberg, containing about two thousand inhabitants. The monument consists of a bronze statue upon a high pedestal. The figure, ten feet high, is seated, and looks heavenward. In his left hand, leaning upon a celestial globe, he holds a parchment, upon which is perceived the design of an ellipse; and in his right hand he has an open pair of compasses. The four niches of the pedestal are filled with statues, five feet in height, representing Nicolas Copernicus, Tycho-Brahé, Michel Mastlin, the Tübingen professor, who taught Kepler mathematics, and Jobst Byrg, the mechanic who aided him in the construction of his optical and astronomical instruments. In the centre of the pedestal is engraven the single word "Kepler," while on each side are bass-reliefs representing different circumstances in the life of the great astronomer. On the front is inscribed, "Physica celestis;" the bass-relief underneath showing Urania in the act of measuring space. On the right side is the word "Mathematica," Kepler being represented underneath, entering Professor Mastlin's room at Tübingen, who takes his pupil by the hand, and explains to him Copernicus's system, of which the plan is indicated. Two other bass-reliefs represent a discussion between Tycho-Brahé and Kepler, on the system of the world, in presence of the Emperor Rudolph and Walenstein, and, in the background, a company of workmen printing the astronomical tables called "Tabulae Rudolphinae;" while Kepler and Byrg, in their workshop at Prague, are in the act of observing the stars with the telescope they have just finished. Above those bass-reliefs are engraven the words "Astronomia et Optica." This monument is the work of the sculptor Kreling, the director of the school of fine arts at Nuremberg. The bronze statues and bass-reliefs were cast and cut in the workshops of Messrs. Lenz and Herold of the same town. The pedestal, in red sandstone, extracted from a quarry in the neighborhood of Weidliedstadt, was constructed by the architect Eglo, of Stuttgart.

The celebrated physiologist of Frankfurt, along with many other good qualities, possesses great independence of spirit, and has, besides, a forcible way of expressing his opinions. Having recently terminated a scientific conference before a numerous and select audience, and arrived at the most interesting part of his lecture, namely, the experimental, he suddenly stopped short, and, instead of showing some beautiful experiment, took the phials that lay upon the table near his chair, and emptied their contents on the floor. He thereupon favored his hearers with the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, I would gladly show you the experiments you have come here to witness, but I regret to inform you that I have not the means to perform them. Our scientific museum is so well stocked that the simplest products and most elementary chemical compounds cannot be found in it. But it always has been, and will always be thus, so long as a society of asses and blockheads are charged with superintending the interests of this institution." The excitement that followed his words may be more easily imagined than described, especially when he added that the government had supplied the requisite funds, amply sufficient for all the wants of the institution, but that the directors had foolishly squandered them in the purchase of bouquets and other frivolities, leaving science entirely destitute of the means of subsistence.

Among recent archaeological discoveries are those of MM. Jules and Parrot, who found, in a cavern in Périgord, France, a number of arrow-heads and other flint implements, mixed with human bones and those of the reindeer, ox, stag, horse, and fox. The cave is believed to have been a habitation of a troglodyte race. The Rev. Canon Greenwell has discovered in Grimes's Graves, near Brandon, England, that beneath the pits and horizontal workings there were regular mines sunk and worked for the purpose of getting at a stratum of flint. The workers were obviously unacquainted with the use of metal, and their operations were carried on with picks made of deers'-horns, a number of which were found. The miners worked by the light of rude lamps made by scooping out lumps of limestone. The object of the above operations was to secure the material for making flint hatchets, spear-heads, etc.

The Paris Academy of Science has awarded the prize for astronomy to Mr. James Watson, director of Ann Arbor Observatory, who, in the short space of one year, has discovered nine small planets. It has also awarded the prize for statistics to Dr. Chenu, author of the justly-celebrated work entitled "Medico-Chirurgical Statistics of the War in Italy," containing a vast amount of information of great interest to the historian, and of inestimable value to the man of science.

Literary Notes.

THERE are nine hundred and sixty-two journals published in Paris, of which ninety are religious, forty-eight treat of jurisprudence, thirty-five are political, fifty-eight nautical, sixty-five are devoted to painting, sculpture, music, and the theatres, sixty-six to popular science, a host to various technical and special subjects, and eighty-five are literary miscellanies. With all this number, including journals devoted to almost every special subject conceivable, there is no distinctive literary journal in Paris—no one devoted to criticism and literary information, of which class there are so many in London. *Figaro* has the largest circulation, fifty-three thousand; *Kapitel* comes next, with thirty-six thousand; then *Le Siècle*, with thirty-three thousand, and the *Gaulois* with thirty thousand.

Mr. John Murray is, we hear, preparing for publication, by the queen's command, an illustrated volume on the subject of the Albert Memorial. Its chief feature will be a series of drawings, by Mr. Henry Holl, of the various groups and figures which compose the Memorial, as well as large views giving a general idea of the whole from various points. The descriptive letter-press of this volume will be from the pen of Mr. Doyne Bell, who is, we believe, engaged in the library at Buckingham Palace.

A book is announced to appear in London, designed to be of practical value to parents perplexed for want of such information that may enable them to determine intelligently the pursuits their children shall follow. The title of the work is, "What shall my Son be?" It will contain "Hints to Parents on the Choice of a Profession or Trade" and "Counsels to Young Men, etc."

Paul Botten-Hausen, librarian of the University of Christiania, has compiled a classified list of all the works of any value printed in Norway, or written by Norse authors, up to the nineteenth century; with an historical introduction, a critical sketch of the progress of

letters and science in Norway, and a summary of its periodical press.

The Bible revision movement in England is understood to be mainly due to Doctors Wilberforce and Ellicott, the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester. By their management the subject has been taken up by a committee of convocation, with the express sanction of the Church, instead of falling into the hands of the state, and being intrusted to a royal commission.

A very beautifully illustrated edition of Bryant's "Song of the Sower" will be issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co. early in the autumn. It will contain illustrations from designs by Fenn, Hennessey, Homer, Hows, Nehlig, and others.

Anthony Trollope's "Editors' Tales," some of which have been published in American magazines, have been collected and issued in book-form in London. The English journals think they are scarcely worthy of Trollope's reputation.

Mr. Carlyle has been appointed unanimously to the office of president of the London Library, in place of the late Earl of Clarendon.

Lord Lytton is writing a new novel for *Blackwood's Magazine*, for which, it is said, he will receive three thousand pounds.

Doré's illustrations of "London Life," with text by Blanchard Jerrold, will shortly appear.

Miscellany.

Swiss Artisans.

ALL Swiss children are required to attend school up to the age of fifteen; first-rate schools are provided, which, if not in all cases free, provide education at a trifling cost, not exceeding (except in Basel) a charge of three francs—in Bern it is one franc—per annum, and even this is lessened in the case of poor people. So well is Switzerland covered with public schools, that private ones are scarce, and in some cantons do not exist at all. After leaving the primary school, the young artisan can continue learning at the "repetition schools," or the evening and Sunday schools, and can obtain a higher degree of instruction afterward at the industrial schools, to be found in the most populated districts. Then, in several localities, there are special institutions for special subjects. Geneva has its drawing-school; Stanz, its school of design; Lausanne, its school for modelling, carving, and sculpture; and Lugano, its school for instruction in the application of chemistry to art and industry. Nearly every commune boasts a circulating library, well stocked with general literature and technical works; and every town has its museum of art, archaeology, and natural history. Since in the more lucrative trades premiums are required with apprentices, institutions abound for the purpose of paying for the instruction of poor lads. At Locle there is a school for instructing them in the mystery of watch-making; and similar schools exist at Chaux-de-Fond and Geneva, where, for the payment of five francs a month, apprentices are taken and taught so well that in three years' time they are able to earn their own livelihood. Most artisans either own or hold from their commune small plots of land, which contribute something toward their maintenance when work falls off or fails altogether. In the latter unhappy contingency, if he can-

not get employment through the agency of some society, the workman has little difficulty in borrowing sufficient to supply his necessities for a time, either by depositing some article of his manufacture at a "bazaar," and receiving an advance upon it, or by borrowing upon his future wages from the savings-bank, people's bank, or mutual-credit society. In truth, there is too great a facility for borrowing, and in some towns the evil effects of the borrowing-system are heavily felt. At all Swiss factories, it is customary to sell food to the hands at cost price; then, coöperative stores for the supply of provisions and other home necessities are well supported, so that the working-man gets his meat and other food as cheaply as possible. His bath costs him nothing, and washing very little; in the principal towns there are public wash-houses, for the use of which, with their machinery for bleaching, drying, and ironing by steam, from three-farthings to three-halfpence an hour is charged. In forest-districts it is usual to distribute fuel gratuitously; in other districts the like is done by corporations, employers, and benevolent individuals. Almost the only thing for which the artisan is thrown entirely upon his own resources is clothing; even the coöperative societies afford him no assistance that way. House-room is in many cases provided by employers, in order that the men may be near them. The accommodation consists generally of two or three rooms, kitchen, cellar, loft, and small garden, for which the occupier pays from three to four dollars a month, or less than that in some parts; while a single man can get board and lodging for the sum of a dollar and a half to two dollars a week.

Promissory Notes in France.

It is not generally known that when a promissory note held by the great Bank of France—which discounts a thousand million dollars of bills receivable every year—falls due, the drawer does not need to go or send to the bank to pay it. He stays in his counting-room or shop, and a runner, called a *garçon de recettes*, calls on him for the money. The city of Paris is divided into fifteen districts, called brigades, which are under the charge of brigadiers. Each brigadier has under his orders ten *garçons de recettes* clad in uniform, wearing cocked-hats, and carrying on their breasts a plate engraved with the words *Banque de France*. For greater security, their portfolios are chained to their persons. The bills are presented at the residence or place of business of the drawer by the runners on the day when they fall due, and in the evening the brigadier counts the sums received in his district, and hands over the amount to the cashier. In case of non-payment, the runners leave at the debtor's house a little square piece of paper at the head of which is printed the words *La Banque de France*, and on which is written a memorandum of the hour and the particular desk at the bank where and when the debtor can go to take up his note. This supplementary settlement takes place in the latter part of the afternoon, in a basement of the bank, where the delinquent finds behind a grating that one of the hundred and fifty runners who called at his residence; the brigadiers are present to hear complaints. "Nothing is more singular," says a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from which we gain these details, "or better calculated to excite the curiosity of the looker-on, than this crowd huddled together in a confined apartment, and composed of persons of both sexes and of every age. What efforts, what running about during the day to make up the sum due, and to save the credit already somewhat tainted by this first delay! In the evening the unpaid

notes are handed over to be put in suit, and many debtors hurry the next morning to the usher's to pay up before their notes go to protest." The runners merit a particular mention. They are men whose characters have been proved by long service, and they sometimes collect in bank-notes and specie over a hundred thousand dollars a day, returning faithfully in the evening to render an account to their chiefs. Nevertheless, none of them get over six or seven hundred dollars a year in gold. The Bank of France sometimes discounts notes for amounts as small as two or three francs, and in 1868 more than eighty thousand were done for sums between eleven and fifty francs.

Changes in Spanish Manners.

Captain Townsend, an English traveller, recently revisiting Spain, writes that the last few years have wrought important changes in the natural tone and manners of the Spaniards. The old abject submission to the period was no longer observable, and "not only in religion and form of government has the Spaniard changed, but in habit, bearing, and dress the revolution is very remarkable, at least among the middle and upper classes. The extreme punctiliousness of manner which used to distinguish the Spaniards with whom I became acquainted six years ago has now almost disappeared; and the haughty but poor don, who used to fast for a week in order that he might appear in fine cloth garments and cloak, and tall silk hat, has now given way to the more sensible gentleman, who condescends to dress, according to his means, and appears in colored garments of cheaper material and a round hat. The formal politeness which years ago, at Seville, induced a Spanish gentleman to offer me his breakfast, because, being seated near me at table in the hotel, he was served with that meal before I was, has become a thing of the past, and the traveller now meets with much the same sort of treatment that he does in any other country. Though the gradual disappearance from among the 'cosas de España' of such peculiarities in Spanish manners and customs is in some things a gain, in others it is much to be regretted. That most becoming of all national costumes, the black dress and mantilla of the Spanish ladies, and fan managed with matchless skill, is now rapidly disappearing, even in Andalusia, and French costumes and bonnets have done much to detract from that grace of form and dress which, rather than beauty, used to distinguish the Spanish women. Fortunately, the lower classes still retain in a great measure their gay and picturesque costume; and the guitar is as often strummed, and the dagger as often used, as in the days before the overthrow of the Bourbons."

Lithographed Sermons.

A curious illustration of the effects which sometimes result from the practice very common among English clergymen—of buying written or lithographed sermons—is mentioned by Dr. Dorn in his recently-published book "Saints and Sinners." It presented itself to the author in one of the western villages of England. "The rector and curate had been absent for some time; but they were efficiently represented while they were away. They returned to resume duty on the same day. The curate took the morning service, while the rector officiated for a friend in a neighboring parish; but the rector was present in the evening to preach after the curate had read prayers. The sermon in the morning was so good that the members of the congregation congratulated themselves on the effects which change of air had had on the preacher's style and powers

generally. When the rector ascended the pulpit in the evening they hoped that a judicious holiday-time had had the same effect upon him, and they felt they would be the better able to judge when they heard him give out the same text which had formed the subject of the curate's illustration in the forenoon. Very soon, however, they found it was not only the same text but the same sermon; and then the faces of the congregation assumed a variety of expression that might have defied Herr Schultze himself to represent. There was but one placid countenance in the whole church, that was the preacher's, who went on quite unconscious of the day's history and its consequences. There was but one face besides that did not bear upon it an expression of fun or comic surprise, or a laughable perplexity and puzzlement, and that was the curate's. He, good man! looked the more concerned and abashed as he tried to look otherwise; the more he strove to assume a guise of indifference, the more intensely horrified he grew. In short, the two worthy personages had, unknown to each other, purchased a dozen or so of lithographed manuscript sermons, and they had had the ill luck, without communication with each other, to select the same sermon wherewith to inaugurate their return to their old pasture!"

The Scornful Nose.

'Tis very true, O maiden fair,
You're pleasant to the sight,
With flowing locks of golden hair
And eyes of flashing light.
Upon your cheeks health loves to train
The lily and the rose,
But something makes your beauty vain,
It dwells upon your nose!
Not that the lovely nose could find
Upon a lovelier face,
'Mid all the flower of womankind,
A more befitting place.
But there's a curl upon its tip,
Half comic, half severe,
In cool collusion with the lip
That savors of a sneer.
So beauty bright, if you would wed,
When lovers come to woo,
Beware the tossing of the head,
The glance that looks askew.
Men ask for love, and not for wit,
That scorches where it glows,
'Tis heart, not head, you ought to hit;
Uncurl your scornful nose!

Hindoo Ceremonies regarding Fish.

Ancient Hindoo ceremonies connected with fish may be traced almost everywhere in Hindostan. When a flood overspread the earth, Vishnuc, in the form of a fish, is reputed to have rescued the sacred Vedas from the watery waste, and as this god deigned to locate his spirit in such a tabernacle, the pious of the same creed consider that in the transmigration of souls a fish's body may be a receptacle for their immortal souls. It is with this view that in some Hindoo states, as in Travancore and Cochin in the Madras presidency, the destruction of these animals is nominally prohibited for the three days succeeding the death of a rajah. It is not two years since a native ruler, who was ill in Central India, was reported in an Indian paper to be spending large sums of money in having "Sri Ram" written daily on thousands of small pieces of parchment, when each, having been placed inside a bread pill, was thrown to the fish in a sacred tank, in hopes that the deity would mercifully cure the prince's indisposition. In some portions of India fish appeared to be adored, and it is not at all un-

common to see tanks near pagodas, wherein capturing the fish would be considered a desecration. The "Meen Kodah" or fish standard was the symbol of the ancient kings of Pandya, the rulers of Malabar; and to this day some of the Rajpoot chiefs are reputed to have a fish carried before their most illustrious chieftains when setting out upon important expeditions. "The cognizance of the Rajah of Benares," Hooker observes, "of two fish chained together, appears on the gates of public buildings." The Konkani Bramins of Malabar, among other ceremonies at their marriages, are said to capture a fish.

Fourth of July in Switzerland.

The Fourth of July was this year, as usual, celebrated in many places on the Continent of Europe. The travelling American is not apt to forget his fair mother-land even amid the siren smiles of her Old World rival, and festivals of various kinds in most of the leading cities of Europe testified that the self-expatriated children of the great Republic remembered her birthday, and failed not in their rejoicing. Among these ever-pleasant reunions, one of the most agreeable was undoubtedly that which took place in the city of Geneva, at the Hôtel Métropole. This beautiful hotel is one of the finest and most charmingly situated in Switzerland, and the able and intelligent proprietor, M. Aldinger, spared nothing that care, taste, or lavish expenditure, on his part, could achieve, to second the labors of the American committee, and to make the whole affair a success. For two days prior to the celebration, workmen were employed in converting the splendid marble-floored hall of the hotel into a gay banqueting-room, draped with the American flag, and lined with a profusion of flowering plants, while flowers bordered the staircases, blushed in the hall, and at the very door breathed an odorous welcome to the entering guests. Nearly one hundred persons sat down to dinner amid the inspiring strains of the finest orchestra in Geneva, the concert band of M. Stasny, and some new quadrilles on American themes, composed in honor of the occasion, were much admired and warmly applauded. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and on the plate of each lady-guest was laid a bronze medal, bearing the portrait of General Grant, and enclosed in a case inscribed "Souvenir de 4 Juillet, 1870; Hôtel Métropole, Aldinger, Genève, Suisse"—one of the many additions which the festival owed to the liberality and kindly sympathy of M. Aldinger, who seemed to transform himself into a thorough American, if for "one day only." The dinner, which was a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of gastronomic art, was succeeded by the usual toasts, speeches, etc.; the tables were then cleared away, and dancing commenced, which was kept up with infinite gaiety and spirit till the Fourth of July had been for more than an hour numbered with the days of the past. During the evening the front of the hotel was brilliantly illuminated with lines of gas-jets outlining the whole building, while occasional showers of fireworks and bursts of green and scarlet fires lit up the beautiful Jardin Anglais, and flashed in dazzling radiance over the bosom of the lake. The whole affair was a perfect and brilliant success, and every guest present will hold the Fourth of July, 1870, and the proprietor of the Hôtel Métropole in pleasant, and kindly, and ever-united remembrance.

Industrial System of Austria.

The industrial system of Austria is one of an antique type. Not very long ago, the only

large manufactories in the country were in the hands of the great landed proprietors, or the state itself; the latter not only holding the salt, tobacco, and powder monopolies, but possessing the largest mining properties in every province, and being at the same time the greatest manufacturer of paper, chemicals, and porcelain. Out of these conditions arose "that ancient hierarchy of labor," the Genossenschaft, or guild, to which every Austrian workman is still bound to be affiliated. Every trade has its special guild, the members of which are divided into three ranks—the upper, of masters; the middle, of workmen; and the lower, of apprentices. Any one desirous of entering a trade can only do so by enrolling himself among the apprentices of the guild of the particular craft he selects, paying thereupon the fee of three florins (about one dollar and twenty cents), one-third of which goes to the funds of the guild, the rest passing to the Chambers of Commerce and Industry for the weekly lectures and Sunday-schools they provide for the instruction of apprentices. The apprentice is then assigned to a master, whom he has to serve without payment for two, three, or four years. If at the end of the term he obtains a certificate of proficiency from the schools he has attended, his master proclaims him a free member of the guild, and he is registered as a workman on its books—the registration costing him another three florins. In return for a quarterly payment of about one florin, he becomes entitled to gratuitous board, lodging, and medical care at the hospital during sickness, or to receive the same at his own home, at a charge of two florins a week. If the workman wishes to become a master, he pays twenty florins to the Master's Chest, six florins for a diploma, and a little less than half that amount to the town-rates, and receives the coveted promotion, and becomes an elector of his guild.

The New French Gun.

The *mitrailleuse* is considered by the French the most formidable military weapon known. It is a light thirty-seven-barrelled gun, arranged that its barrels may be discharged simultaneously or consecutively. The thirty-seven cartridges, intended for one charge, are contained in a small box. A steel plate, with corresponding holes, is placed on the open box, which is then reversed, and the cartridges fall points foremost into their respective holes. They are prevented from falling through by the rims at their bases. The loaded plate is then introduced into the breech-slot, and when the breech is closed by a lever a number of steel pins, pressed by spiral springs, are only prevented from striking the percussion arrangement in the cartridges by a plate in front of them. When this case is moved slowly, if the plate be withdrawn rapidly, they follow each other so quickly that their discharge is all but simultaneous. Some of the French papers publish the most wonderful stories of the performances of a couple of these weapons near Paris. According to this account three hundred wretched horses, bought from the knackers, were placed at twenty-six hundred metres (about a mile and a half) off, and in less than three minutes not a horse was alive! The next day another trial took place, this time with five hundred horses, and in less than a minute and a half they were all destroyed.

Family Affection among Princes.

It is interesting at the present moment to recall to mind what Macaulay wrote about the War of Succession in Spain when reviewing Lord Mahon's history. "Family affection," he remarked, "has seldom produced

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much effect on the policy of princes. The state of Europe at the time of the Peace of Utrecht proved that in politics the ties of interest are much stronger than those of consanguinity or affinity. The Elector of Bavaria had been driven from his dominions by his father-in-law; Victor Amadeus was in arms against his sons-in-law; Anne was seated on a throne from which she had assisted to push a most indulgent father, and then, soon after the peace, the two branches of the house of Bourbon began to quarrel. A close alliance was formed between Philip and Charles (of Austria), lately competitors for the Castilian crown. A Spanish princess betrothed to the King of France was sent back in the most insulting manner to her native country, and a decree was put forth by the court of Madrid commanding every Frenchman to leave Spain. Napoleon I. also had some experience of the matter with the sovereigns he appointed. King Joseph often thwarted him, so did King Louis, so did King Jerome of Westphalia; and both the King of Naples and the King of Sweden took up arms against him."

Varieties.

EVERY one knows how colored people, particularly the ex-slaves of the South, love music, and how their rude songs, which were sung from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, have sometimes been thought worthy of more extended and fashionable circulation. The advent of the military, however, gave a martial tinge to quite a number of their melodies, even to their camp-meeting hymns. While serving in the blue, I remember to have heard, at a religious gathering of some of the contrabands, a refrain which ran—

"See de glory-gates unbarred,
Walk in, darkies, past de guard."

On another occasion I was astounded by hearing, lustily chanted by one of the colored soldiers in the brigade—

"Hark! de colored angels sing."

It is said that one of the Siamese ambassadors, on going home from his European visit, made an elaborate report on all he had seen, including the music he had heard in the West. He was very little impressed by the music, save and except that which he said was "produced by a great trunk set upon legs." "A woman," he wrote, "sits in front of this, and, tickling with her toe a sort of tail it has, produces a variety of sounds by beating rapidly with her fingers on a number of little bits of ivory in front of it!"

Charles Dickens had accumulated about eighty thousand pounds, besides Gadshill and other property. He bequeaths the interest of eight thousand pounds to his wife, eight thousand pounds to her sister, Georgina Hogarth, and the remainder in equal shares to his children. His will contains one more slap at the undertakers, whom he had persecuted all his life: "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning-coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity."

A curious anecdote is related of a violin-maker, so skillful in his trade that he could imitate an old violin to perfection. One day, a fiddler, more eminent than honest, brought him a fine Cremona, and said, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Mr. —, I want you to make me an exact copy of this Amati." The maker, who knew to whom the fiddle belonged and guessed the object, promised to have it ready in two months. At the end of the time the player came, paid the money, and received two violins; but, when he got home and examined them closely, he found they were both counterfeits, the clever imitator having kept the true Amati for himself.

In a hot spring in Manila, which raises the thermometer to one hundred and eighty-seven degrees, and in another in Barbary, where the usual temperature is one hundred and seventy-two degrees, flies have been known to flourish. Carpenter tells of small caterpillars found in hot springs with a temperature of two hundred and five degrees, and of small beetles that died when taken out of the hot sulphur-baths of Albano and put in cold water.

Notes and Queries gives the origin of the phrase, "He will never set the temse on fire." It appears that the sieve used in sifting the flour at a mill is so called in Yorkshire, and it has occasionally happened that combustion has been caused by the hard and constant friction of the iron rim of the temse against the flour-barrel's rim. The word has been, oddly enough, corrupted into *Thames*, and in this country we say, "He will never set the river on fire."

The aggregate length of streets in New-York City, south of one hundred and fifty-fifth street, is two hundred and eighty miles, of which two hundred miles are paved with stone, and thirty miles with wood; the latter of Nicholson and other patents. The total amount of streets, avenues, roads, and lanes, in the city, maintained at the corporation expense, reaches three hundred and fifty miles.

There is such an epidemic of crime just now in the United States, and so general an impression among murderers that "hanging is played out," that an old-fashioned friend at our elbow proposes that the "Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons" be disbanded, and that a Society for Aggravating the Miseries of Public Prisons be organized in its stead. The suggestion is a timely one.

In visiting Woodlawn Cemetery the other day, and reading the inscriptions, we were reminded of the quaint bequest of an English cynic: "I give five hundred pounds to buy a churchyard—a spacious churchyard to lie thieves and knaves in. Rich men and honest men take all the room up."

A great international agricultural exhibition will be held in Paris in 1871. Voluntary contributions to the amount of sixty thousand dollars have already been subscribed for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the undertaking.

Frederick the Great said: "There is a God of war; the issue of battles is written in the stars. I have won battles that I had already given up for lost, and have been beaten when victory was already nearly in my grasp."

The *Woman's Advocate* thinks the good time will have come when a hard-working farmer shall say to his wife, "Sally, you must take time to post yourself on governmental affairs."

The driver of a coal-cart anxiously inquired at several places for "the residence of Mr. James Nasium," after he had been directed to take a load of coal to the gymnasium.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Man is born into a house of a thousand rooms. He lives in one or two, and leaves all the rest unopened, unenjoyed."

New Hampshire takes the premium for early marriages. The census there shows that a woman, aged thirty, has a son twenty-eight years old.

Mr. George Macdonald, the novelist, has recovered his health. For a long time he was thought to be hopelessly ill.

"Beauty," says a French writer, "is all the virtue of some people, and virtue is all the beauty of others."

A correspondent of *Land and Water* writes of a gray parrot in his possession, over sixty years old, who recently began laying.

The Museum.

IN continuation of our series of geological illustrations, we reach the Keuper period, the name of which is derived from its salt-de-

posits. These deposits consist of a vast number of argillaceous and marly beds, irregularly colored, but chiefly red, with a dash of yellow, black, and green. These are the colors which in earlier days gave the name of *variegated marl* to the series. These beds of red marl often alternate with sandstones which are also variegated in color. As subordinate rocks, we find in this formation some deposits of a poor pyritic coal and of gypsum. But what especially characterizes the rocks are the formidable beds of rock-salt which are included in them. The saliferous beds, often twenty-five to forty feet thick, alternate with beds of clay, the whole attaining a thickness of one hundred and sixty yards. In Prussia, in Wurtemberg, in France, at Vic, and at Dieuze, in the Meurthe, the rock-salt of the saliferous formation has become an important branch of industry. In the Jura, salt is extracted from the water charged with chlorides, which issues from this formation.

Some of these deposits are placed very deep in the soil, and cannot be reached without very considerable labor. The salt-mines of Wieliczka, in Poland, for example, can be procured on the surface, or by galleries of little depth, because the deposit belongs to the Tertiary period; but the deposits of salt, in the Triassic age, are placed so much deeper, as to be only approached by a regular process of mining by galleries, and the ordinary mode of reaching the salt is by digging pits, which are afterward filled with water. This water, charged with salt, is then pumped up into troughs, where it is evaporated, and the crystallized mineral obtained by deposit.

What is the origin of the great deposits of marine salt which occur in this formation, alternating constantly with thin beds of clay or marl? We can only attribute them to the evaporation of vast quantities of sea-water fortuitously introduced into the depressions, cavities, or gulfs, which the sandy dunes afterward separated from the great body of the sea. In our illustration an attempt is made to represent the natural fact that, during this period, banks of immense extent existed, on which the very considerable masses of rock-salt were deposited which are now found in the rocks of the period. On the right is the sea, with a dune of considerable extent, separating it from a tranquil basin of smooth water. At intervals, and from various causes, the sea, clearing the dune, enters and fills the basin. We may even suppose that a gulf exists here which at one time communicated with the sea: the winds having raised this sandy dune, the gulf is transformed, by degrees, into a basin or back-water, closed on all sides. However that may be, it is pretty certain that, if the waters of the sea were once shut up in this basin, with an argillaceous bottom without any opening, evaporation from the effects of solar heat would take place, and a bed of marine salt would be the result of this evaporation, mixed with other mineral salts which accompany chloride of sodium in sea-water, such as sulphate of magnesia, chloride of potassium, etc. This bed of salt left by the evaporation of the water would soon receive an argillaceous covering from the mud suspended in the miry waters of the basin, thus forming a first alternation of marine salt and of clay or marl. The sea making fresh breaches across the barriers, the same process takes place with a similar result, until the basin is filled up. By the regular and tranquil repetition of this phenomenon, continued during a long succession of ages, this abundant deposit of rock-salt has been formed which occupies so important a position in the rocks of secondary formations.

There is little to be said of the animals which belong to this period. They are nearly the same as those of the Muschelkalk era. In

the Keuper period the islands and continents presented few mountains; they were intersected here and there by large lakes, with flat and uniform banks. The vegetation on their shores was very abundant, and we possess its

remains in great numbers. Its principal features are represented in our ideal landscape. On the cliff, on the left of the ideal landscape, the graceful stems and lofty trees are groups of *Calamites arenaceus*; below are the great

"horse-tails" of the epoch, *Equisetum columnare*, a slender tapering species, of soft and pulpy consistence, which, rising erect, would give a peculiar physiognomy to the solitary shore.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Keuper Sub-period.

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NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, 63, 67, and 72.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61; Part Third with No. 65; Part Fourth with No. 70; Part Fifth with No. 74.

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